

PANGE LINGVA

BREVIARY HYMNS OF OLD VSES

WITH AN ENGLISH RENDERING

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AN INTRODUCTION BY

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TRANSLATOR'S FOREWORD

ALTHOUGH it has seemed good to the Church that the ancient local orders of saying and singing the Divine Office should in most cases be abolished in favour of the use of that City which is the centre and head of the Church on earth, there are nevertheless many parts of the old and superseded rites which do not merit complete oblivion; and since their hymns are their most individual features, affording as they do almost the only opportunity for unfettered composition in the scheme of the Breviary Office, the following selection has been made therefrom in the belief that their very real though rugged beauty will appeal to those who find the thoughts of all but forgotten fellow Catholics an aid and spur to their own devotion. It is hoped that the many defects of the work will not deter its readers from seeking for themselves a share of those jewels so easily to be found in the setting of mediæval books of devotion.

My thanks are due to the Editor of the "Nation" for permission to reproduce here the translation of "Te centies mille legionum angeli," which first appeared in his paper.

A. G. McD.

20 April 1916.

THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODVCTION: CONCERNING HYMNS. By ADRIAN FORTESCVE	
1. DEVS AETERNI LVMINIS for MORNING	2
<i>This hymn is appointed for use at Lauds of Tuesday in the Mozarabic Breviary. The reference in line 8 to the Holy Spirit as proceeding from the Father only, testifies to its antiquity. The Mozarabic Use, as is well known, is followed to this day in some churches in Spain.</i>	
2. CHRISTE LVX MVNDI SALVS ET POTESTAS for EVENING	4
<i>This hymn is also taken from the Mozarabic books, where it appears in the office of Vespers on the third Sunday after Epiphany.</i>	
3. CVNCTORVM REX OMNIPOTENS for ADVENT	8
<i>The Mozarabic hymn for Lauds in Advent.</i>	
4. SVRGENTES AD TE, DOMINE for CHRISTMAS	10
<i>This hymn is taken from the Breviary of the Monastery of S. Severinus at Naples, and is used in the office of Matins at Christmas. It is also found in many other Spanish and Italian hymnaries, in which it is often used as a ferial midnight hymn.</i>	
5. O BEATA GAVDE INFANTIA for CHRISTMAS	14
<i>This hymn, or rather carol, is found in a breviary for the diocese of Borgo di San Sepolcro, printed at Venice in 1481. It is apparently not intended for liturgical use, as it is placed by itself at the end of the Sanctioale. The rhyme arrangement is more intricate than is usual in Latin religious poetry.</i>	
6. AVRES AD NOSTRAS DEITATIS PRECES for LENT	18
<i>Found in ante-Tridentine Roman breviaries, this hymn has now been superseded by the O sol salutis, intimis. Its loss is much to be regretted, as it is one of the most beautiful examples of mediæval hymnody.</i>	
7. SVMMI LARGITOR PRAEMII for LENT	22
<i>From the Sarum Breviary office of Lauds in the third and fourth weeks of Lent. In some other rites it is appointed for use at Compline during the same season. It probably dates from the thirteenth century.</i>	
8. LVCIS AVCTOR CLEMENS, LVMEN IMMENSVM for LENT	24
<i>Appointed for use in the Mozarabic Breviary at Compline throughout Lent. The text is very corrupt.</i>	
9. TE CENTIES MILLE LEGIONVM ANGELI for EASTER	26
<i>This hymn is used in the Mozarabic Breviary at Vespers from Easter day to the Ascension, and it is also found in the Anglo-Saxon Hymnary in the office of S. Michael. The Latin of the Spanish version, which is here followed, is extremely debased, e.g., estellæ for stellæ, Agni for Agno (strophe 9), etc.</i>	

	PAGE
10. VITA SANCTORVM, DECVS ANGELORVM for EASTER	30
<i>Found in many old Gallic and German breviaries, this exquisite hymn has been translated into German for use by Protestants.</i>	
11. NOBIS OLYMPO REDDITVS for the ASCENSION	32
<i>A hymn by Santolius Victorinus (Jean-Baptiste de Santeuil, 1630-1697), used at Lauds on the Octave of the Ascension. It is taken from the Parisian Breviary, a compilation used with local variations through almost the whole of France until 1873, when it was suppressed by the Holy See in favour of the Roman rite.</i>	
12. GRATIA TVA, SPIRITVS for PENTECOST	34
<i>From a fifteenth century MS. preserved at S. Gall, where it forms part of a "Little Office" of the Holy Spirit. The hymn bears a marked resemblance to the Veni Creator.</i>	
13. ADESTO PATER DOMINE for the HOLY TRINITY	36
<i>Found in several manuscript Franciscan and other breviaries of the thirteenth and following centuries.</i>	
14. REFVLST ALMAE DIES LVICIS CANDIDVS for the PVRIFICATION OF OVR LADY	38
<i>From the Severinian Hymnary (vide No. 4). This metre is very commonly used for the Proper hymns of this monastery. In other Uses it is almost confined to hymns in honour of SS. Peter and Paul, which for some inexplicable reason are almost always written in this form.</i>	
15. PENDENS IN CRVCIS CORNIBVS for the SEVEN DOLOVRS	42
<i>This hymn is found in many manuscript Polish and Bohemian hymnaries of the fourteenth century.</i>	
16. CHRISTE SVPREME DOMINATOR ALME for the INVENTION OF THE CROSS	46
<i>A twelfth century German hymn.</i>	
17. IESV REDEMPTOR OMNIVM for S. COLVMBA	48
<i>This hymn is found in two or three fifteenth century Irish breviaries. The play upon the name Columba in line 7 finds a parallel in the Gospel for the feast of the Saint.</i>	
18. ECCE VOTIVA RECOLVNTVR FESTA for S. ALBAN	50
<i>The cult of S. Alban in the Middle Ages extended far beyond the limits of these islands: this hymn is taken from a breviary printed at Lubeck in 1497.</i>	

	PAGE
19. FELIX PER OMNES FESTVM MVNDI CARDINES for SS. PETER AND PAVL	52
<i>This hymn was sung at First Vespers of SS. Peter and Paul according to the Use of the Church of York, which was followed of old throughout the north of England as that of Sarum was in the south. The seventh verse, in a slightly altered form, now forms part of the Breviary Vesper hymn for the feast, and the fourth and fifth verses are also retained in the Breviary for use on the lesser feasts of S. Peter.</i>	
20. IESV AMOR VNICE for S. BERNARD	56
<i>This beautiful hymn is from a Cluniac breviary of the fourteenth century.</i>	
21. OMNIVM CHRISTE PARITER TVORVM for ALL SAINTS	62
<i>From the Anglo-Saxon Breviary. These are the concluding verses of a longer hymn, Christe qui uirtus sator et uocaris, which is found at length in the Stuttgart Breviary of the eleventh century.</i>	
22. ALMA CVNCTORVM CELEBREMVS OMNES for the same	64
<i>From the Severinian Hymnary.</i>	
23. REGIS IMMENSI MILITIS TRIVMPHIS for APOSTLES	68
<i>From the Severinian Hymnary.</i>	
24. DEVS IMMENSA TRINITAS for MARTYRS	70
<i>From the Mozarabic Breviary.</i>	
25. SANCTE CONFESSOR, MERITIS BEATE for CONFESSORS	72
<i>By Rhabanus Maurus, ob. 856, Archbishop of Mainz, and author of many of the best-known hymns of the Church, including Veni Creator, Christe sanctorum decus angelorum, Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia, etc. This hymn does not appear to have been used liturgically.</i>	
26. A TE CLAMAMVS, AVDI NOS for OVR LADY	74
<i>An evening prayer to Our Lady from a fifteenth century French breviary.</i>	
27. O MARIA PISSIMA for the same	76
<i>From a fifteenth century MS. preserved at Mantua.</i>	
28. REFVLGENT CLARA HVIVS TEMPLI CVLMINA for the DEDICATION of a CHVRCH	78
<i>From the Severinian Hymnary.</i>	
29. AVCTOR SALVTIS HOMINVM	82
<i>These very beautiful verses are found in a twelfth century MS. now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. They are evidently a fragment of a longer composition. The alphabetical arrangement of the initial letters of the strophes is a common feature of Latin hymnody, the best-known example being the present breviary hymn for Lauds of Christmas, A solis ortus cardine.</i>	

CONCERNING HYMNS

BY ADRIAN FORTESCUE

I. THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMNS

ALTHOUGH in one sense the hymn is the latest addition to the Divine office, in another it is the oldest form of Christian prayer. It depends on what we mean by a hymn. For instance, is the "Te Deum" a hymn? Most people would say not. It is certainly not composed in metre. It is prose, divided into verses like the Psalms. Yet its title in the Breviary is *Hymnus ambrosianus*. If then by hymns we mean poems in regular metre, either by accent or by quantity, they are a late addition to the office that exists only in the Latin West. There are no hymns, in this sense, till the fourth century; they were not admitted to the Roman office till the twelfth. No Eastern rite to this day knows this kind of hymn. Indeed, in our Roman rite we still have the archaic offices of the last days of Holy Week and of the Easter octave, which, just because they are archaic, have no hymns.

But there is another kind of hymn that goes back to the very dawn of the Christian religion, that still remains, not only in all the Eastern rites but in that of Rome too. This is the unmetrical hymn, formed on the model of the psalms.

It would seem as if the first Christians deliberately avoided poems in metre. They must have been familiar with them. Both the Greek and the Latin languages had an abundance of lyric poetry before the time of Christ. It would have been easy to write religious verse in those metres. But they did not; and when later in the East something of the kind first appeared it was sternly discouraged.

But they sang. Some sort of chanting was inevitable in public prayers where all present took part. Besides, music was always a natural way of stirring up enthusiasm,

to which the Christian Church had no sort of objection. St. Paul tells his converts to "*speak to each other in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody from their heart to the Lord*" (Eph. v, 19). What then did they sing? The first little community of poor folk could hardly rise to the grand classical metres of Greek poetry. Then they seem to have had a definite feeling against such metres. This classical poetry savoured too much of the world and its dangerous sweetness. Most lyrics were erotic. To the Christian poetry was part of what he most hated and feared, the world with its attractions to lead men from God. That stern early Christian, living from day to day with the sword of the Roman magistrate over his head, living always with the red dawn of the Last Day in his eyes, had no use for sweet metres, any more than he had for other arts. To him the fashion of this world, with all its pretty toys, was already passing away.

There is no doubt as to what he sang, in the first place.. He sang the Psalms of David. Christians had one book that was, at first, their whole literature, the Bible. In the first generation it was the Old Testament. The New Testament was only then being formed.¹ In the Old Testament they found all they wanted, the history of the world as they knew it, prophecies that told them of Christ, the words of God to guide their life, prayers and hymns. They sang the psalms, of course, in Greek. To them psalms were what they are to us, prose divided into short paragraphs.² So in awe they sang the threatening psalms; when they were joyful they sang the happy ones.

¹ Although the New Testament is now so much more important to us than the Old, we must remember that the archetype of the Canon of Scripture is the Old Testament. At first that was the whole Bible, to Christians as to Jews. When the apostles speak of Scripture they mean the Old Testament only. Indeed, the way in which the books of the New Testament came to be considered canonical was by making them equal to those of the Old.

² Even in Hebrew the rhythm of the psalms is something very different from that of Greek and Latin poetry. It is much more like what we should call rhythmic prose in parallel and antithetic phrases.

We do not know how they sang them. The only thing of which we can be quite certain is that they did not sing in anything approaching our plainsong psalm tones, because they did not know the diatonic scale.

Then, since the spirit will not be quenched, the early Christian sometimes sang words of his own. The psalms were the main thing. They were in the Canon, they were the official hymns of the Church from the beginning; the Jewish converts brought them with them from the Synagogue. The hymn that Our Lord sang as he went out from the Supper to the Garden, the night before he died (Mt. xxvi, 30), was a psalm, no doubt one of the Hallel psalms at the end of the Paschal Supper. But, besides this, the first Christians sang impromptu words of their own, praising God through Christ, as the Spirit moved them. When they did so they sang on the lines of the familiar psalms of David. Where else should they get their model? So these first Christian hymns, all the earliest hymns, are prose songs in short paragraphs, built up like the psalms of the Psalter.

We have examples in the New Testament. St. Paul quotes one. He writes to his Ephesians:

*Wherefore it is said:
Awake thou sleeper,
and arise from the dead,
and Christ shall enlighten thee.* (Eph. iv, 14.)

There are two other examples in the Pastoral Epistles, in which everyone sees examples of this earliest Christian poetry. One is in 1 Tim. iii, 16. St. Paul speaks of the "great mystery of piety," and goes on:

*Which was shown in the flesh,
justified in the spirit,
appeared to angels,
was preached to Gentiles,
was believed in the world,
taken up to glory.*

In 2 Tim. ii, 11-14, he says that there is a faithful saying:

*If we die with him we shall live with him,
if we bear with him we shall reign with him,
if we deny him he will deny us,
if we believe not in him, he will remain faithful,
he cannot deny himself.*

None of these verses shows any trace of metre in the Greek. There is a rough sequence of accent in them, hardly more than you would find in any such groups of short phrases, just as we find in the Greek psalms. They could very well be chanted to music of free rhythm. We should call them rhythmic prose. But we have in the very Gospels examples of the same thing. The Magnificat, Benedictus, Nunc dimittis are just such Christian psalms formed on the model of the old ones.

After the time of the New Testament Christians went on composing, perhaps improvising, such psalms. Pliny tells us that they met together before dawn, "to sing a hymn to Christ as a god."¹ It would be such a hymn as these.

When Justin Martyr's "President of the brethren" "sent up praise and glory to the Father of all,"² no doubt he did so in such rhythmic phrases. And we have still one or two wonderful examples of this earliest Christian poetry. One is quoted by St. Basil.³ It is often attributed to St. Athenogenes, who was a martyr in the second century. In any case, it is probably the oldest Christian hymn we have, after those of the New Testament.

*Kindly light of holy glory
of the immortal heavenly Father,
holy, blessed,
Jesus Christ.*

¹ The younger Pliny's letter to Trajan (ep. 96, al. 97), in Teubner (1896), p. 231.

² 1 *Apol.* lxxv, i.

³ *De Spiritu sancto*, 73 (M.P.G., xxxii, 205).

*Coming to the setting of the sun,
seeing the evening light,
we sing the Father and Son
and Holy Ghost, God.
It is right at all times
thee with pure voices to praise,
Son of God.
Giver of life,
all the world gives thee glory.*

This hymn is still sung in the Byzantine rite, in the evening service "at the lighting of lamps." Its venerable antiquity, its fragrance of the first centuries make it one of the greatest of all Christian hymns.¹

The Apostolic Constitutions quote another hymn, hardly less venerable:

*We praise thee,
we sing to thee,
we bless thee for thy great glory,
Lord King,
Father of Christ, the immaculate Lamb who takes away
the sin of the world,
To thee praise is due,
to thee a hymn,
to thee glory,
God and Father, by thy Son in the Holy Ghost,
for ever and ever. Amen.*²

The latter part of this hymn ("Te decet laus") is sung at the end of Matins according to St. Benedict's rule.³

¹ Why do we never sing it in our churches? There are a dozen translations in English verse. Where could anyone find a better evening hymn than this, coming right down from the catacombs? Our hymn-books know nothing of such a treasure as this, and give us pages of poor sentiment in doggerel lines by some tenth-rate modern versifier.

² *Const. Apost.*, vii, 48.

³ Cap. xi. "Te decet laus" is published, with its plainsong melody, by the Solesmes monks in the *Manuale pro Benedictionibus et Processionibus* (1906), p. 17. Nothing better could be found, to sing at the end of an evening service.

Then there are two such hymns that we all know very well, the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" and the "Te Deum." The "Gloria in excelsis" is Greek,¹ the "Te Deum" Latin. Either is a perfect example of the early Christian hymn, before metre was used.

These hymns were "private psalms" (*psalmi idiotici*). They are often treated simply as psalms, and sung with the canonical ones in the office.²

II. HYMNS IN EASTERN RITES

¶ So in the first three centuries there grew up a flourishing school of Christian poetry. It was real poetry, though it was not in metre. It was poetry in the same sense as the psalms. It has left but few remnants in the West; but it developed greatly in the East. To this day, the Eastern rites contain a vast amount of such prose poems. To take the most obvious example, the canonical hours of the Byzantine rite are composed for a great part of them. If you take up a Byzantine Horologion or a volume of the *Menaia* you will find pages of such prose hymns under various names, *Heirmos*, *Troparion*, *Kontakion*, *Katabasia*, *Kathisma*, *Oikos*, and so on. Arranged in the great Canon they form the heart of the *Orthros* (our Lauds). These little hymns consist of about six to eight lines each. They have a rough rhythm by accent, so rough that they cannot be counted as more than rhythmic prose. There is often rime at the end of the lines, more or less completely carried out, sometimes an assonance of vowels that does not amount to what we should call rime. There is constantly rhythm of meaning, if not of sound. The same idea is repeated in different words, or the same phrase recurs, as in the psalms.

As an example of Greek liturgical hymns a fragment

¹ It is in *Const. Apost.*, vii, 47.

² As we still sing the Athanasian creed at Matins.

of the famous Golden Canon, composed by St. John Damascene († about 754) may serve:

*The Day of Resurrection,
let us make glorious the Pasch, the Pasch of the Lord.
from death to life, from earth to heaven, Christ our God
has led us,
as we sing his victory.*

*Let us cleanse our senses,
and we shall see Christ radiant in the light of his rising,
we shall hear him greet us clearly,
as we sing his victory.*

*The heavens rejoice and the earth is glad;
all the world, seen and unseen, keeps this feast,
for Christ our everlasting joy
has come back to life.*

That is the first Ode of the Canon. The ninth is:

*Be enlightened, new Jerusalem, be enlightened,
for the glory of the Lord is risen in thee.
Sion leap and rejoice.
And do thou rejoice, all holy Theotókos,
for thy child has risen again.*

*O blessed, holy and most sweet promise,
that thou wilt be with us all days to the end.
These are thy words, Christ, who canst not deceive,
and we, trusting them, with firm hope rejoice.*

*O great and most sacred Pasch of Christ;
grant, Wisdom, Power and Word of God,
that we may see thy presence in thy kingdom
In the day that has no evening.¹*

¹ The whole Golden Canon is in Lequien's edition of St. John Damascene (Venice, 1748), i, pp. 685-686. It is sung at the Orthros of Easter Day.

Such jagged lines, with a suggestion of rhythm, give a fair idea of the Greek. They sing these Troparia to melodies whose rhythm is as free as that of the words.

There are psalms in the Byzantine office too. But the psalms have never held so great a place with them as with us. These *Heirmoi*, Troparia, and so on, are the characteristic feature. They have an enormous number of them and still compose them. There are all sorts of rules for composing a Troparion. Although its rhythm is so free, it is subject to many laws as to the sequence of ideas, the length of the lines, repetitions, etc. To compose a Byzantine Troparion correctly is quite as difficult as to write a correct Ambrosian hymn.

Such is the only kind of poetry the Byzantine rite admits. There have been distinguished Greek Christian poets in the ordinary sense, who wrote of Christian ideas in the classical lyric metres. But their verses have never been admitted to liturgical use. Modern Greeks too have a number of religious poems, neither better nor worse than their patriotic poetry and love-songs. But they never sing them in church. They seem still to keep the idea that metrical poetry is of the world, not suitable for the house of God.

III. THE OLD ROMAN OFFICE

¶ In the West the development has been curiously different. Beginning by being much sterner than the Greeks, as to the composition of the office, Latins ended by being more lax.

At first Latins, especially Romans, did not approve of that prolific development of human compositions in the Divine office. While Greeks were filling their canonical hours with Troparia written by contemporary people, the West was sternly rejecting almost everything that was not holy Scripture. So, for the first six centuries or so, the chief difference in the office between East and West was that in the East it was made up largely of the prose

poems described above, while in the West it was nearly all from the Bible. There were lessons from the Bible, and by way of hymns only the psalms. Except the prayer at the end there was hardly anything that was not taken from Scripture. The Western Church put down all that development of "Psalmi idiotici" for the principle of keeping severely to the inspired texts in her office. Except the "Te Deum" and, in Mass, the "Gloria in excelsis" we have no examples of private psalms (unless one calls the Athanasian creed one). Nor have we anything like the Greek Troparia. Even the short antiphons before the psalms were mostly taken from the psalm itself. The chants of Mass too, first the Gradual, then the later Introit, Offertory, Communion-antiphon were all biblical. It is worth noting, as extremely typical of the spirit of the Roman rite, how persistently, for centuries, the Roman Church rejected anything but just this bare, austere framework of her office. That spirit, indeed, in spite of later concessions, made only after long hesitation, is still characteristic of Rome. The Eastern people were poetic, exuberant, emotional. The Roman was none of these things. He was naturally reserved, very conservative of the old tradition, shy of new ornament. He was a splendid law-giver, not at all naturally a poet.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera . . .

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento

is true of Christian Rome too.

IV. THE FIRST METRICAL HYMNS

¶ In the fourth century a new movement of Christian poetry began, first in the East. By that time the old prejudice against honeyed metres had been forgotten. There had long been attempts to write more private psalms. The heretic Marcion made such a psalter, to rival that of David.¹ An Egyptian bishop, Nepos, in the third

¹ Muratori's Canon mentions this; line 85.

century had composed new psalms, which were sung by many people with delight.¹ Then, in the fourth century, came regular poems on Christian themes. It is sometimes said that the arch-heretic Arius was the first to write such poems. If so, this may perhaps account for the way the Eastern Church put down the whole tendency. Arius hit upon the happy idea of fitting Christian, in his case heretical, words to well-known tunes, sailors' songs, and songs of travellers. He had a beautiful voice himself; so, says Philostorgius, he "insinuated his impious ideas into simple hearts by the charm of his music."² But heretics were not alone in making use of metrical songs. Synesios of Cyrene († about 415, not a very orthodox person) and St. Gregory of Nazianzos († 390) were famous Christian poets. They used the old Greek lyric metres, and so wrote hymns like the Latin hymns of our office. But the Greek-speaking Church would have none of these hymns. This does not mean that people were forbidden to sing them. This new Christian poetry had a great vogue. But it was not sung in church. It never became part of the liturgical offices. Yet it was from this source that hymns, in the usual modern sense, came to us in the West.

V. ST. HILARY

¶ Whenever we speak of Latin hymns we think of St. Ambrose as their founder. That is a true concept. It is the immortal glory of Ambrose to have introduced to the West that form of prayer which was to have so enormous a development. Ambrose is the father of Latin hymns. But he was not the first Latin to write hymns. Before him comes the unsuccessful attempt of another great Latin father, St. Hilary of Poitiers († 366). Both Hilary and Ambrose learned from the East that Christian lyric poetry could be written. St. Hilary was in exile, among Greeks, from 356 to 360. Here he

¹ Eusebius, *H.E.*, vii, 24.

² Socrates, *H.E.*, vi, 3; Philost., *H.E.*, ii, 2.

heard Greek metrical hymns. When he came home to Gaul he tried to write them in Latin. St. Isidore of Seville says he is "the first who was famous for writing hymns."¹ Later a great number of hymns were attributed to St. Hilary, as to St. Ambrose. It was not till 1887 that three fragments were discovered which we may say, with reasonable certainty, are really his composition. These were found by J. F. Gammurini in the same manuscript at Arezzo in which he discovered the "Peregrinatio Siluiae." After much discussion it seems now that these fragments have established themselves as authentic. Two of them are acrostics in alphabetical order. The metre of the first is Horace's glyconic line, alternating with the shorter asclepiad (with many licences). It begins:

H. in arcto. Argem.

*Ante saecula qui manens
semperque nate, semper ut est, pater,
namque te sine quomodo
dici, ni pater est, quod pater sit, potest.²*

St. Hilary's hymns are not such as would become popular. They are theological treatises in verse, the same kind of discussions as in his work *de Trinitate*. Nor did they become popular. There is no evidence that any hymn really by him was adopted later into a service of the Church. As far as St. Hilary is concerned we must count the attempt to introduce Christian lyric poetry in the West as a failure.

VI. ST. AMBROSE

¶ All the more remarkable is the instant success of St. Ambrose († 397). He too had constant intercourse with the East, as his letters show, though he never went

¹ *De eccles. Officiis*, i, 6 (M.P.L., lxxxiii, 743). St. Jerome says Hilary wrote a whole book of hymns (*de Viris illustr.* 100).

² The text of the three hymns is in Dreves: *Analekta hymnica*, tom. 1.

there. From the Eastern Churches Ambrose borrowed two innovations which were to have a profound effect on Western services. One was the antiphonal manner of singing psalms, the other was the use of metrical hymns. Before his time psalms in the West had been sung by one cantor, as a solo, the people adding only the last neums of each verse, or repeating the same verse between those of the cantor, much as we still sing the Inuitatorium at Matins. At Antioch they had another way, two choirs singing alternate verses. Isidore of Seville says this Greek custom was like two Seraphs singing in turn, that Ambrose brought this custom to Milan, and from Milan it spread throughout the West.¹ The other Greek custom was that of singing metrical hymns. We have seen that, although the Byzantine rite would not allow such hymns into its office, there were, in the fourth century, poets who wrote them. Ambrose, himself a poet, composed hymns of the same kind in Latin. He chose a singularly simple metre, easily learned, and taught the people of Milan to sing them. They were not yet part of the Divine office. For many years still, especially at Rome, it was felt that metrical hymns were too light, too popular a thing to allow in liturgical services. But, from the time of St. Ambrose, the hymns were there. They gained in popularity year by year, till at last even the severe conservatism of Rome gave way and admitted them to the Canonical hours.

On Palm Sunday, 385, Ambrose was holding the Basilica Portiana at Milan against the Arians. The Emperor (Valentinian II, 375-392) sent soldiers to seize the church. The Catholic people gathered round their bishop and held it against the soldiers outside. Till Maundy Thursday they were besieged in the church; then, at last, the Emperor gave way. St. Monica was among the people in the church. If St. Augustine was not in the church, he was at Milan at the time. To carry

¹ *De eccl. Off.*, i, 7 (M.P.L., lxxiii, 743-744).

the people through those long anxious days Ambrose made them take turns in singing psalms, in his new antiphonal way, and the hymns he had composed. St. Augustine tells us all about it: "The good people spent the nights in the church, ready to die with their bishop, thy servant. There was my mother too, taking a great part in the anxiety and in the vigils. And I myself, though I had not yet been enlightened by the Holy Ghost (it was before his baptism), was excited, because the whole city was disturbed and alarmed. Then it was arranged that hymns and psalms should be sung, after the custom of Eastern parts, lest the people should be worn out with anxiety and fatigue. From that day to this the custom has been kept; many, indeed nearly all, thy flocks throughout the world have copied it."¹ So these two elements of Divine service, the alternate singing of psalms and hymns, were first introduced by St. Ambrose at Milan, and then spread from that city all over the West. For his hymns he chose what was perhaps the simplest of the lyric metres, Iambic dimeters. These are used by Horace in his first ten Epodes alternately with Trimeters. Ambrose uses nothing but lines of four Iambi each. We know this metre very well; it is the one in which by far the greater number of our Breviary hymns are written. With the necessary change of the Iambus to a foot of two syllables with the stress-accent on the second, we know it in English hymns as Long Metre:

*O blest Creator of the light,
Who mak'st the day with radiance bright,
And o'er the forming world didst call
The light from chaos first of all.*

It is not a very exciting measure. The unchanging repetition of Iambi in sets of four may even seem wearisome when we compare it with the variety of metres in Horace. But no doubt St. Ambrose knew best in

¹ *Aug. Conf.*, ix, 7.
xxiii

choosing it. It is simple and so suitable for popular singing; it is easy to fit to simple melodies and easily remembered. In any case, because of his choice this plain little measure has acquired enormous importance. It is so much the usual metre of Latin hymns that the Church supposes it always as the normal one. She provides special Doxology verses for hymns of this metre in the seasons, and does not trouble about any other.

To people who, till then, had known no metrical religious poetry, the sweetness of these hymns of St. Ambrose seemed almost magical. The Arians accused him of bewitching the people with the charm of his hymns. He does not deny the charge, but says that the confession of the Trinity has indeed a magic effect.¹ St. Augustine describes his emotion when he heard the people of Milan sing these hymns: "How I wept when I heard those hymns and chants, thrilled by the sweet sound of thy Church. The music sounded in my ears, and thy truth then spoke to my heart; religion burned in me, my tears flowed and yet I was glad in them."² When his mother died, he says that he found peace only in repeating one of St. Ambrose's hymns: "Then I slept and I watched again; I found no little comfort to my sorrow when alone in my bed I remembered the true verses of thy Ambrose, that thou art:

*Deus creator omnium,
polique rector uestiens
diem decoro lumine,
noctem sopora gratia,

Artus solutos ut quies
reddat laboris usui
mentesque fessas alleuet
luctusque soluat anxios."*³

They are wonderful lines, all the more moving for

¹ *Sermo c. Auxent.* 34 (M.P.L., xvi, 1017-1018).

² *Conf.*, ix, 6. ³ *Conf.*, ix, 12, 32.

their true Roman severity. Augustine is not the only mourner who has found comfort in that hymn.

Altogether he quotes four hymns by St. Ambrose. This one: "Deus creator omnium," then "Aeternae rerum conditor,"¹ "Iam surgit hora tertia,"² and "Intende qui regis Israel,"³ which is also quoted and referred to Ambrose by Celestine I (422-432).⁴ Such evidences are of special value, because there is great doubt as to which of the many so-called Ambrosian hymns really are authentic. The fashion set by the Saint became so popular that he had innumerable imitators. These hymns, all written in imitation of his, in the same metre, were called "Ambrosian" as a general name. Indeed for many centuries "hymnus ambrosianus" was the usual name for a religious poem in Iambic dimeters. St. Benedict nearly always calls this "ambrosianus,"⁵ as distinct from the older "psalmus idioticus." A Council at Tours in 567 speaks of "the Ambrosian hymns we have in the Canon (meaning in the office)."⁶ These are not hymns composed by St. Ambrose, but all those of this class. When Pope Gelasius I (492-496) wrote hymns, he could think of no other way of making them; the *Liber Pontificalis* describes his work by saying: "He also made hymns in imitation of Ambrose."⁷ This being so, it is evident that we cannot consider all the immense number of so-called Ambrosian hymns as authentic compositions of St. Ambrose. The question arises, which are really his? There was a time when critics were disposed to admit none as genuine, except those four of which we have direct external evidence in St. Augustine. The latest critics now admit more. Father Dreves, who became perhaps the chief authority in Europe on the subject of Latin hymns, allows fourteen as certainly authentic, four more as prob-

¹ *Retrañ.* i, 21, 1.

² *De Nat. et Grat.* lxiii, 74 (M.P.L. xlv, 284).

³ *Serm.* 372, *de Nat. Dni.* cap. 2 (M.P.L. xxxix, 1663).

⁴ In his speech at the Roman Synod of 430 (Mansi, iv, col. 550, D.).

⁵ *E.g. Regula S. Ben.* 13.

⁶ Mansi, ix, 803.

⁷ *Ed. Duchesne*, i, 255.

able.¹ Besides those quoted above the best known will be "Aeterna Christi munera," for the feast of Apostles at Matins. Franz Xaver Kraus's judgement is worth quoting: "The highest truths deeply felt and expressed in language, if simple, yet full of dignity, give a great poetic value to St. Ambrose's hymns."²

VII. THE FIRST PERIOD OF LATIN HYMNS

¶ The movement begun by St. Ambrose was to have far-reaching consequences. Long before metrical hymns were allowed at the canonical hours a great crowd of imitators and followers carried on what he had begun. In the writing of Latin hymns there are three obvious periods to distinguish. The primitive period, from St. Ambrose to about the time of Charles the Great (800-814) is the most important. It contains a great quantity of magnificent hymns. Besides the many anonymous "Ambrosian" hymns, these poets should be mentioned specially. *Aurelius Prudentius Clemens*, a Spaniard († about 405), wrote "Ales diei nuntius" that we sing at Lauds on Tuesdays, the splendid Christmas hymn: "Corde natus ex Parentis," our hymn for the holy Innocents; "Salvete flores martyrum," and others now, alas, too little known by our people. Prudentius is certainly our second greatest hymn writer, after St. Ambrose. *Caelius Sedulius*, probably a Roman, in the middle of the fifth century, wrote the Christmas hymn at Lauds: "A solis ortus cardine,"³ and a poem in hexameters of which parts have been adopted in the

¹ *Analekta hym.* L. pp. 10-21, following L. Biraghi: *Inni sinceri e carmi di S. Ambrogio* (Milan, 1862).

² *Real-Enzyklopädie*, I. 676. See also Trench: *Sacred Latin Poetry* (London, 1874, p. 87). He speaks of the hymns as having nothing soft, perhaps little that is tender, but instead iron strength and the old Roman Stoicism transformed by Christianity.

³ This is the beginning of an alphabetic acrostic hymn on all our Lord's life. We have another fragment of it for the Epiphany: "Hostis Herodes impie" (now "Crudelis Herodes").

Roman office for the Introit of Masses of our Lady, and versicles and responsories of her office :

*Salve sancta parens, enixa puerpera regem,
qui caelum tetramque tenet per saecula, cuius
numen et aeterno completens omnia gyro
imperium sine fine manet, quae uentre beato
gaudia matris habens cum uirginitatis honore
nec primam similem uisa es nec habere sequentem;
sola sine exemplo placuisti femina Christo.*¹

Venantius Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers († about 600), supplies a number of our most splendid and best known hymns. He wrote "Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis" that we sing on Good Friday, and "Vexilla regis prodeunt," perhaps the greatest of all hymns. He wrote, too, "Salve festa dies, toto uenerabilis aeuo," and our Matins hymn for our Lady "Quem terra pontus sidera," of which the Lauds hymn "O gloriosa femina" is a continuation. *Paul the Deacon*, Benedictine monk at Monte Cassino († 799), wrote the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Vt queant laxis,"² which is not only the first Sapphic hymn, but has acquired a secondary immortality through giving names to the notes of our scale.³

VIII. SECOND PERIOD

¶ The second period of Latin hymn-writing is the Middle Ages, from Charles the Great to the Council of Trent (1545-1563). This is so prolific a time that one can scarcely hope to pick out even the chief names. The hymns are, generally, less grand and less correctly written. All manner of licences and playful extravagances begin.

¹ The poem is the *Carmen paschale*. These are lines ii, 63-69. Sedulius's *Carmen paschale* was so famous that it was used in the Middle Ages as the model for teaching boys the rules of prosody.

² The story is that he composed it when he had a very bad sore throat, which lends point to the first verse.

³ Vt, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sa, are the first syllables of the half-lines.

Nevertheless there are scores of exquisite mediaeval hymns, including those of St. Thomas Aquinas. One may name a handful of writers chosen almost at random. *Wipo*, the Burgundian chaplain of Konrad II († about 1048), wrote "Victimae paschali." *Hermann the Lame* (Herrimannus Contractus), Monk at Reichenau († 1054), is author of "Alma Redemptoris Mater" and "Salve Regina." *St. Peter Damian* († 1072) wrote a most beautiful hymn, now too little known: "Ad perennis uitae fontem." *Bernard of Morlas*, monk at Cluny (about 1140), wrote a long poem "de Contemptu mundi," that Dr. Neale has made famous in England by his translation. The translation begins: "The world is very evil; the times are waxing late." The well-known verses, "For thee, O dear, dear country," and "Jerusalem the golden," are taken from this. Bernard of Morlas is also author of the hymn to our Lady "Omni die dic Mariae." *Peter Abelard* († 1142) wrote, "O quanta qualia sunt illa sababata." Some, including Dr. Neale, count *Adam of St. Victor* (Augustinian Canon at Paris, † 1192) the greatest of all mediaeval poets. He wrote a number of sequences for feasts, none of them used as sequences now, though all would make magnificent hymns. "Laudes crucis attolamus," "Zyma uetus expurgetur" (for Easter), "Heri mundus exsultauit" (for St. Stephen), "Roma Petro glorietur" (for St. Peter and St. Paul) are by him.

But one cannot make a list of even the chief names of mediaeval hymn-writers where so many are great. Everyone knows the immortal Eucharistic hymns of *St. Thomas Aquinas* († 1274).

The Middle Ages brought all manner of further developments. Rhythm by stress-accent instead of by quantity, never absent from the possibilities of Latin poetry, spread greatly. Besides hymns in the now recognized sense there were rime-offices, arrangements of the whole Canonical hours in verse; there were tropes, verses intercalated into liturgical texts, proses and sequences, which obeyed no law of scansion, hymns and religious songs for

private use, so-called Macaronic verses, that is, partly in Latin and partly in the vulgar tongue, carols, glosses in verse which took each word of some well-known prayer, the "Pater noster" or "Aue Maria," and made a verse on it. There were psalms in verse and even buffoonery on Christian texts. It was the commonest practice to write hymns on the model of other older ones. That is why we have many cases of two hymns beginning with the same words. St. Thomas's "Pange lingua" has become even more famous than the original "Pange lingua" of Venantius Fortunatus, on which he modelled it. End-rime, assonance, alliteration become common. There are all kinds of new metres. The trim garden planted by St. Ambrose has become a wilderness of wild flowers.

In all this mediaeval religious poetry there is much that we could not use now. Many of the hymns are quite bad, many are frigid compositions containing futile tricks, puns, misinterpreted quotations of Scripture, twisted concepts, whose only point is their twist. But there is an amazing amount of beautiful poetry that we could still use. If we are to have vernacular hymns at all, why do we not have translations of the old ones? Those of the present Roman Breviary are the first that suggest themselves. But they are by no means the only ones, they are not even always the best—apart from the fact that nearly all have been spoilt by Urban VIII's disastrous revision.

IX. THIRD PERIOD

¶ The third period of Latin hymn-writing is the modern time, from the Council of Trent. Of this nothing special shall be said here.

Whatever good the Renaissance may have done in other ways, there can be no question that it was finally disastrous to Christian hymns. There came the time when no one could conceive anything but the classical metres and classical language. So they wrote frigid imi-

tations of classical lyrics. It is the time when people thought it effective to call heaven Olympus, to apply pagan language to God and his saints. There is nothing to be done with this stuff but to glance at it, shudder, and pass on.

The reason why the Renaissance hymns are so utterly and finally bad is not that the real classical poetry is bad. On the contrary, Horace and his metres are exceedingly beautiful. The reason is that those absurd Renaissance people did not realize that, because an original is beautiful, it does not follow that a bad imitation will be. As time went on hymns became worse. The seventeenth century brought those strange hymns composed in France, whose metrical correctness is poor compensation for their utter want of inspiration. Through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries people still wrote Latin hymns. They had become by now like the Latin verse of Oxford Dons, correct enough according to the rules (it seems as if their writers are conscious that correctness is all they can offer), correct, too, in sentiment, with here and there an ingenious little trick of ideas, an apt parallel or a clever inversion. But there is not a trace left of the feeling of Ambrose and Prudentius, not a spark of the fire nor a ray of the grace of old hymns. Indeed, we may not hope for real Latin poetry any more, because Latin is now a dead language to all of us. However well a man may read, write, or even speak Latin now, it is always a foreign language to him, acquired artificially. It is no one's mother tongue. Does a man ever write real poetry in an acquired language?

X. HYMNS IN THE DIVINE OFFICE

¶ There is now another question, quite distinct from that of the origin and development of the hymns themselves, namely, when were they admitted into liturgical services? It is not easy to answer this exactly. Their admission was a gradual process; it took place almost everywhere else before at Rome.

We should expect Milan, the home of Western hymns, to be the first to admit them to its office. Perhaps it was so; there seems little evidence either way. Indeed, in most local Churches it is difficult to say at what moment hymns were recognized as part of the office. Even when they were sung, and sung in church, they seem still to be looked upon as non-liturgical devotions. Their position was like that of our vernacular hymns and prayers now. They were known, allowed, encouraged even by the authorities; but they were not part of the liturgical services. Often hymns were sung at the end of a liturgical office, as we say English prayers at the end of low Mass. There are cases where it is specially provided that hymns should be sung, not in church, but in some other place, a chapel or oratory. St. Benedict's rule seems the first certain case of hymns recognized as part of the office. He includes the hymn ("ambrosianus") in the Canonical hours; for instance, in the Nocturns after the "Venite exsultemus" psalm: "inde sequatur ambrosianus";¹ at Lauds: "responsorium, ambrosianus, uersus, canticum,"² and so on. The monks, then, had their hymns before the secular clergy. In the same sixth century a Council at Tours (567) says that they have "Ambrosian hymns in the Canon."³ On the other hand, the second Council of Braga, in 563, forbids them: "Except the psalms or canonical Scriptures of the new and old Testaments, nothing composed poetically shall be sung in church, as the holy canons command."⁴ Agobard of Lyons († 840) tried to introduce a form of the Divine office which should consist of texts of Scripture only. He would not have antiphons which are not Scriptural. Naturally he was strongly opposed to hymns. He says: "The venerable councils of the fathers forbid any kind of popular psalms (plebeios psalmos) to be sung in church, or anything composed poetically."⁵ But, in spite of the opposition,

¹ *Regula S. Ben.*, c. 9.

² *Ib.* 13.

³ Above, p. xxvii.

⁴ Canon xii (Mansi, ix, 778).

⁵ *De divina Psalmidia* (M.P.L., civ, 327).

hymns obtained a place in the office in Gaul and Spain. The fourth Council of Toledo, in 633, takes up their defence. It explains that the liturgy contains many elements which are not taken from the Bible, the "Gloria Patri," "Gloria in excelsis," collects. So, says the Council, hymns are no more to be condemned than these. Those of St. Hilary and St. Ambrose are recommended especially.¹ By the seventh century hymns are established, as elements of the office, in Gaul and Spain.

Long and determined opposition continued at Rome itself. It is characteristic of the local Roman Church that, for centuries after the monks and churches north of the Alps had admitted hymns, she would still have nothing of this innovation.

It is true that we hear of hymns sung at Rome, of hymns composed by Popes, long before the twelfth century. Amalarius of Metz († about 850) describes the Roman rite in such a way as to exclude the singing of hymns. Yet in the supplement to his fourth book, *de ecclesiasticis Officiis* (written in the ninth century), we find: "As is the custom of the monks . . . so do we imitate them in Ambrosian hymns."² That applies to Rome. Walafrid Strabo (ninth century) implies that hymns were sung at Rome.³ On the other hand, not only do other writers who describe the Roman office at this time (Micrologus) say nothing about hymns; there are even positive evidences against their use. John Beleth (twelfth century) speaks of hymns sung in other churches, not at Rome, shows that he dislikes them, and points out the superior practice by which in some places (Rome itself) "the hymn of Blessed Mary, namely the Magnificat, is put in the place of a hymn, and no other is sung."⁴ Even in the twelfth century, when hymns were

¹ Can. 13 (Mansi, x, 623). This Canon is in the C. i, C., D. i, c. 54, *de Consecr.*

² *De eccl. Off.*, iv, 48; in Mabillon: *Vetera Analekta* (Paris, 1723), p. 99. This supplement is not by Amalarius himself.

³ *De Rebus eccles.* 25 (M.P.L., cxiv, 956, B).

⁴ *Rationale*, 52. M.P.L. ccii, 58, C.

beginning to claim their place at Rome, the Antiphony of St. Peter's has a rubric for the Terce hymn: "This is not said in choir, but we sing it in other oratories."¹

The only way to reconcile these statements is that, although hymns were known and sung at Rome, they were excluded from the liturgical office till the twelfth century.

By that time they were sung everywhere else; so, at last, Rome gave way and admitted them also. Hymns are a recognized part of the Roman Divine office from the twelfth century.²

XI. METRES

¶ With regard to the metres of our hymns we must note first that two methods of measuring rhythm exist from the very beginning.³ In classical poetry we are accustomed to scansion by *quantity*. That is not the only possibility. Even before Christianity there were popular Latin songs measured by stress-accent. When Caesar's legions marched, singing:

*Mille occidimus, mille Sarmatas
mille mille Persas quaerimus.*⁴

they had found a rhythm by stress-accent. So there were always these two systems. The "noble" language admitted metre by quantity only; at the same time vulgar

¹ Tomasi: *Opera omnia* (ed. Vezzosi, Rome, 1748-1761), vol. iv, p. 168.

² Durandus of Mende († 1276) knows all about hymns in the office. He describes their place, at Matins after the Inuitatorium and in the other hours, just as we have them now (*Rationale*, v, c. 2, etc.).

³ "As, among the Romans, the arrangement of words in the verse was not made without regard to their accents, so also did they allow an effect of accent on quantity in prosody."—Gercke and Norden: *Einführung in die Altertumswissenschaft* (Leipzig, 1910), i, p. 249. See many examples of this in the whole chapter, pp. 248-257.

⁴ Cf. A. F. Ozanam: *La Civilisation au Ve Siècle*, XVe leçon (*Œuvres complètes*, Paris, 1855, vol. ii, p. 141). The whole chapter is worth reading: "Comment la langue latine devient chrétienne."

Latin had its poems by accent. In this poetry, even when, apparently, the same metres are used as in the noble language, accent takes the place of the long syllable, and hiatus is always allowed. From what is called the "silver age" of the later emperors the sense of quantity in Latin was fading; stress-accent was taking its place. So the Romance languages have but little sense of quantity. In the forms they assume we see the influence of the stress-accent much more than of short and long syllables. The Teutonic people, when they began to speak Latin, helped this development. They had little sense of quantity in Latin, much sense of accent. So, finally, by the middle ages, all natural sense of long and short syllables had gone; there remained, as there remains to most of us when we speak Latin now, only a sense of accent. Exactly the same development was taking place in Greek.

Now in the first Latin hymns, though they were written in a classical metre and were measured by quantity, there is already evidence that accent was beginning to take the place of length. St. Ambrose's own hymns are correct, from the point of view of classical metre. Such licences as he allows himself are found also in the Augustan poets. The spondee instead of an iambus in the first and third feet is admitted by all. So, when Ambrose writes: *Ostende partum uirginis* ("Intende qui regis," ii, 2), we find in Horace: *Aplantur enses conditi* (Ep. vii, 2). He puts an anapaest for an iambus in the "odd" feet: *Intende qui regis Israel*; so does Martial: *Cum fama quod satis est habet* (Epigr. i, 50, 42). Ambrose sometimes makes a short final syllable long, in arsis when it has the ictus: *Te diligat castus amor* ("Deus creator," iv, 3); so does Vergil: *Tityrus hinc aberat. Ipsae te Tityre pinus* (Ecl. i, 39). This is, already, influence of stress-accent. He replaces the long syllable by two short ones, in arsis: *Martyribus inuentis cano* ("Grate tibi Iesu," i, 4); so also Horace: *Ast ego uicissim risero* (Ep. xv, 24). There is only one and a doubtful example of hiatus in St. Ambrose: *Ne hostis inuidi dolo* ("Deus creator," vii, 3). But here

the reading: *Nec hostis* is equally authenticated. Soon after St. Ambrose poets begin to use licences that would not be possible in the Augustan age, licences which already show this influence of stress-accent at the cost of length. In the anonymous Ambrosian hymn "Conditor alme siderum" we have such lines as *Christe redemptor omnium*. Lines such as *Caelorum pulset intimum*, *Ad laudem nominis tui*, show the weakening of final *m*, even before a consonant. St. Isidore of Seville († 636), in spite of his affection for strictly classical metre, is obliged to recognize that, in his time, "rhythm is not formed by unchanging rule, but runs in feet ordered reasonably."¹ St. Bede († 735) knows and describes the two kinds of rhythm accurately. He quotes the hymn, "Rex sempiternae Domine," as an example of rhythm by accent.²

These two influences of popular Latin, stress-accent and hiatus, become more and more powerful, till in the later Middle Ages hymns are written entirely by accent. St. Thomas Aquinas's hymns, for instance "Sacris solemniis," have a purely accentuated rhythm. With the growth of accent instead of quantity comes such further popular ornaments as assonance, end-rime, and alliteration.

It is said that St. Ambrose's iambic dimeters are taken from the Saturnian verse, being its first half, with completion of the last foot.³ It was some time before the Church admitted any other kind of rhythm. Prudentius wrote other metres ("Corde natus" is trochaic tetrameter catalectic); but of his hymns only the iambics ("Ales diei nuntius," "Nox et tenebrae et nubila") were used at first. Then other metres gained their place. Paul the Deacon's hymn, "Vt queant laxis," is the first example of the

¹ *Etymologiae*, i, 39 (M.P.L., lxxii, 118).

² *De Arte metrica*, 24 (M.P.L., xc, 173).

³ The second part of the Saturnian line would give trochaic three-foot lines ("Aue maris stella") and also (hypercatalectic) the trochaic tetrameter ("Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis"). The old Latin Saturnian line consists of an iambic dimeter catalectic, followed by three trochees: - - - - - | - - - - -.

beautiful Sapphic measure. Trochaic and asclepiad ("Te Ioseph celebrent agmina caelitum") poems were admitted. Hexameter is represented by "Alma Redemptoris mater," elegiac by "Gloria laus et honor."

It is to be noticed that most of the tunes to which we now sing the hymns take no notice of the metre at all. There is not a trace of hexameter rhythm in the tune of "Alma Redemptoris mater," nor of elegiac in that of "Gloria laus et honor."

Our diatonic plainsong hymn tunes are certainly not as old as St. Ambrose. To see the kind of melody to which he taught his people to sing his hymns we must look rather to late classical Greek examples, as far as we can now understand them.¹

XII. THE REFORM OF URBAN VIII

¶ In the seventeenth century came the crushing blow which destroyed the beauty of all Breviary hymns. Pope Urban VIII (Maffeo Barbarini, 1623-1644) was a Humanist. In a fatal moment he saw that the hymns do not all conform to the rules of classical prosody. Attempts to reform them had been made before, but so far they had been spared. Urban VIII was destined to succeed in destroying them. He appointed four Jesuits to reform the hymns, so that they should no longer offend Renaissance ears. The four Jesuits were Famiano Strada, Tarquinio Galluzzi, Mathias Sarbiewski, Girolamo Petrucci. These four, in that faithful obedience to the Holy See which is the glory of their Society, with a patient care that one cannot help admiring, set to work to destroy every hymn in the office. They had no concept of the fact that many

¹ For example, the tune of the hymn to the Muse Calliope by Dionysios of Halikarnassos (about 29 B.C.), transcribed by J. Westphal: *Elemente des musikalischen Rhythmus* (Jena, 1872), p. xviii. He puts it in triple time, exactly observing the iambic measure (v -). As Westphal writes it, it would pass for our third mode (mi-do). For St. Ambrose's tunes see G. M. Dreves: *Aurelius Ambrosius* (Maria-Laacher Ergänzungsheft, 58, Freiburg, Herder).

of these hymns were written in metre by accent; their lack of understanding those venerable types of Christian poetry is astounding. They could conceive no ideal but that of a school grammar of Augustan Latin. Wherever a line was not as Horace would have written it, it had to go. The period was hopelessly bad for any poetry; these pious Jesuits were true children of their time. So they embarked on that fatal reform whose effect was the ruin of our hymns. They slashed and tinkered, they re-wrote lines and altered words, they changed the sense and finally produced the poor imitations that we still have, in the place of the hymns our fathers sang for over a thousand years. Indeed their confidence in themselves is amazing. They were not ashamed to lay their hands on Sedulius, on Prudentius, on St. Ambrose himself. Only in one or two cases does some sense of shame seem to have stopped their nefarious work. They left "Aue maris stella," "Iam lucis orto sidere," and St. Thomas Aquinas's hymns alone (they would have made pretty work of "Sacris solemniis"). In 1629 their mangled remnants were published. We still await the day when the Bull of publication will be revoked. But not everyone suffers from this *textus emendatus* of the hymns. The Benedictines, Carthusians, Dominicans, the Vatican and Lateran Basilicas, still use the old forms. When the new Vatican books were announced, the first thing for which everyone hoped was that we should be allowed again to sing the hymns as they were written by their authors. No one who knows anything about the subject now doubts that that revision of Urban VIII was a ghastly mistake, for which there is not one single word of any kind to be said. Now all the points which shocked him, as not being classical, are known and established as perfectly legitimate examples of recognized laws. It was as foolish a mistake to judge poetry of the fourth and following centuries by the rules of the Augustan age, as it would be to try to tinker prose written in one language, to make it conform with the grammar of another. There are cases where

these seventeenth-century Jesuits did not even know the rules of their own grammar books. In "Conditor alme siderum" they changed lines which are perfectly correct by quantity.

The Vatican Gradual cheered our hearts by restoring the authentic form of the hymns therein. But there are very few hymns in the Gradual. We looked forward to the continuation of the same work, where it was so much more needed, in the Vespers, and then in the new Breviary. Alas, the movement, for the present, has stopped. The new Vespers and then the Breviary contain Urban VIII's versions. So at present we have the odd situation that in the Gradual the old form of the hymns is restored; but when the same hymn (for instance "Vexilla regis") comes again in the Vespers, we must sing the seventeenth-century mangling.

This can only be a temporary state of things. If ever we are to have a final Breviary, as the result of so much change in our time, the very first improvement, more urgent than a restoration of the Vulgate text, is that we have back the authentic hymns.

XIII. OTHER LATIN HYMNS

¶ The hymns of our present Roman Breviary are by no means the only ones we may know and sing. They have, no doubt, a certain precedence; they are naturally the best known, since every priest has to say them constantly. It is true also that among the Breviary hymns are very splendid ones. Even in their present desolate state many of them are still fragrant with the memory of the early Church and Middle Ages. Yet the Breviary hymns are not always the best out of the enormous number that exist. The Solesmes monks have done good service by publishing collections of old proses and hymns under various titles: "Varii preces," "Varii cantus," etc., and by adding a selection at the end of their editions of the *Liber Vsualis*, that they may be sung at Benediction,

processions, devotions. Some of these hymns ("Adoro te deuote," "Aue uerum," "Inuiolata," "O filii et filiae") have never been forgotten by our people. Some ("Puer natus in Bethlehem," "Laetabundus," "O panis dulcissime") are coming back through the Solesmes editions.

There is room for more. There is room especially for translations of old hymns. In nothing are English Catholics so poor as in vernacular hymns. The real badness of most of our popular hymns, endeared, unfortunately, to the people by association, surpasses anything that could otherwise be imagined. When our people have the courage to break resolutely with a bad tradition, there are unworked mines of religious poetry in the old hymns that we can use in translations. If we do, there will be an end of the present odd anomaly, that, whereas our liturgical hymns are the finest in the world, our popular ones are easily the worst.

When we produce another poet like Prudentius it will be time to think of having new hymns. Till then, why not use the enormous riches we already have? Let us hope that Mr. McDougall's little collection, with his excellent translations, will be a step towards better Catholic hymns in English.

ADRIAN FORTESCUE

LADY DAY, 1916.

*Ein uerbum bonum et suaue
sand dir got, das beisset aue,
zehande wert du gotz conclaue,
mutter, magd et filia.*

*Da mitte wurdest salutata,
vom helgen geiste fecundata,
von herr davitz stammen nata,
on dorne sind din lilia.*

Laudate Dominum in sanctis ejus: laudate eum in firmamento virtutis ejus.
Laudate eum in virtutibus ejus: laudate eum secundum multitudinem magnitudinis ejus.
Laudate eum in sono tubae: laudate eum in psalterio, et cithara.
Laudate eum in tympano et choro: laudate eum in chordis et organo.
Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus: laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis:
omnis spiritus laudet Dominum. Alleluia.

MORNING

DEVS aeterni luminis,
Candor inennarabilis,
Venturus diei iudex
Qui mentis occulta uides,

Tv regnum coelorum tenes,
Et totus in uerbo tu es,
Per Filium cuncta regis,
Sancto Spiritui fons es.

TRINVM nomen alta uides,
Vnum per omnia potens,
Mirumque per signum crucis
Tu rector immensae lucis.

Tv mundi constitutor es,
Tu in septimo throno sedes,
Iudex, ex alto humilis
Venisti pati pro nobis.

Tv Sabaoth omnipotens
Osanna summi culminis,
Tibi laus est mirabilis,
Tu es prima anastasis.

Tv fidei adiutor es,
Et humiles tu respicis,
Tibi alta sedes thronus,
Tibi diuinus est honor.

CHRIStO aeternoque Domino
Patri cum Sancto Spiritu
Vitae soluamus munera
A saeculis in saecula.

MORNING

O GOD of everlasting light,
That art more bright than all things bright,
Thou Judge to whom in thy great day
All hearts their secrets shall display,

THOU art in halls of heaven the Lord
Who holdest all things by thy word,
Who rulest all things through thy Son,
Fount of the Spirit with thee One.

THREEFOLD in praise, beholding all,
Single in might and worshipful,
Thou rul'st the world in light divine
Through the blest Cross's wondrous sign.

THOU form'dst the world of old alone,
And in the seventh heaven thy throne,
O Judge that camest from on high
In humble guise, for us to die.

To thee, O Lord of heavenly might,
Hosanna soundeth in the height;
To thee our sweetest praises tend
Who all began and all shalt end.

INCREASE of faith thou dost impart:
Thou lookest on the meek of heart:
To thee on thy celestial throne
All praise divine and laud is done.

To Christ the Lord for evermore,
The Father and the Comforter,
Life's every gift and blessing be
From age to age eternally.

EVENING

CHRISTE, lux mundi, salus et potestas,
Qui diem solis radiis adimplēs,
Noctem et fuluam faciens corusco
Sidere pingis.

CERTIS ut totum motibus peractum
Temperes mundum vicibus recursus
Atque resoluas omnium labores
Sorte quietis.

ECCE, uergentem rotat hora solem,
Vesperis rursum remeantis ortum,
Hinc et astrorum chorus omnis alto
Surgit Olympo.

Nos pio cultu tibi praecinentes
Vocibus sacris modulamus hymnis,
Sensibus totis simul excitamur
Pangere laudes.

PRAESTET ut uotum, ferat ut medelam,
Donet ut nostris ueniam delictis,
Firmet ut sensum, placida quiete
Mulceat artus.

ET licet noctis subeant profunda,
Horridis mundi tenebris operta,
Mens tamen nostra fidei supernae
Splendeat ortu.

DESINANT culpaē, uigilet uicissim
Noster illabens animus, nec ulla
Sensum inuoluat grauior uagantum
Spirituum turba.

EVENING

CHRIST, very Light and Might, the world's Salvation,
Filling the day with radiance of the bright sun,
Thou who dost make the dark night, and adorn it
With the starshining,

HUMBLY we pray thee, meetly order all things
That in due time we welcome light's returning,
And that thou sink in resting at the twilight
Toils of the noonday.

Lo at the day's end now the sun is setting,
Blessing the eve with pledge of resurrection,
And in high heaven choirs of stars appearing
Hallow the nightfall.

THEREFORE with holy rites we come before thee,
Now doth each voice in holy hymns proclaim thee,
Hearts with our lips in fair accord uniting
Sing to thine honour.

THAT thou mayst hear our prayer and bring us healing,
That thou mayst grant us pardon of offences,
Strengthen our hearts, and wrap in peace our bodies,
Soothing the weary.

AND though the shadows of the eve surround us,
And though the world be wrapt in fears of nightfall,
Yet shall our souls be clothed with faith, arising
Splendent from heaven.

GRANT that all sins be banished, and all weakness
Drive from our minds, that they be ever watchful,
Lest some foul spirit, lurking in the shadow
Waiteth to harm them.

COR enim nostrum uigilet sopore,
Somniet Christum Dominumque semper
Insonet psalmis, meditetur hymnis
Nocte dieque.

GLORIA summo celebret parenti,
Gloria Christo pariterque sancto,
Praedicet trinum pia uoce nomen
Omne per aeuum.

BODIES may sleep, but hearts shall keep their vigil
Resting at peace in Christ the Lord for ever,
In light and darkness holy psalms and anthems
Chanting to Jesus.

GLORY for ever unto God the Father,
Glory to Christ and to the equal Spirit,
Whose trinal name our choirs of loving voices
Sound through the ages.

ADVENT

CVNCTORVM rex omnipotens
Mundum saluare ueniens
Formam assumpsit corporis
Nostrae similitudinis.

QVI regnat cum Altissimo
Virginis intrat uterum,
Nasciturus in corpore
Mortis uincla disrumpere.

GENTES erant in tenebris,
Viderunt lumen fulgoris,
Cum saluator aduenerit
Redimere quos condidit.

QVEM olim uatum praescia
Cecinerunt oracula,
Nunc ueniet in gloria
Nostra ut curet uulnera.

LAETEMVR nunc in Domino,
Simul in Dei Filio,
Parati hunc suscipere
Aduentus sui tempore.

ADVENT

THE almighty King of all men born
Comes down to save our race forlorn,
And takes, who is most gracious,
A mortal body like to us.

Who weareth in the heights the crown
Into a virgin's womb comes down,
And in a fleshly form doth dwell
To break the chains of death and hell.

The nations that in darkness lay
A glorious light have seen that day
When hearing his creation's groan
The Saviour in the earth is known.

Whom prophets prophesied of old
And in their oracles foretold
Shall come in this most glorious time
To cure the deadly wounds of crime.

Now therefore joy we in the Lord,
And praise and bless the Son of God,
Preparing in this Advent time
To welcome him with hymns sublime.

CHRISTMAS

I

SVRGENTES ad te Domine
Atræ noctis silentio
Vigiliis obsequimur
Patrum sequentes ordinem.

QVEM nobis dereliquerunt
Iure hereditario
Ministrantes excubiis
Tibi Sancte Paraclite.

PARI cum Patre clarus es,
Cum Christo subtilissimus,
Multis modis et Spiritus
Rex mysticus agnosceris.

FRAGILES carne conspice
Quos ille antiquissimus
Suis decepit artibus,
Tuis trahe uirtutibus.

GREG tuus tibi deditus
Non teneatur crimine
Quem tuo Christe sanguine
Voluisti redimere.

OUES errantes praeuide
Pastor bone piissime,
Ad aulam celsitudinis
Tuis reperta humeris.

TABEFACTVS et saucius
Abscedat princeps daemonum,
Perdat praedam de faucibus
Fur importunis rabidus.

CHRISTMAS

I

WE rise to praise thee, Lord of Light,
Amid the silence of the night,
For so of old the Fathers taught
That thou in watchings shouldst be sought,

Who handed down from age to age
The manner of the war we wage:
In vigils with the angel host
We seek thy grace, O Holy Ghost.

For as the Father thou art bright;
As Christ's, thy ways for mortal sight
Too high, O Spirit with them one,
Who as the Mystic King art known.

Look down upon us, Lord, we pray,
Whom Satan with his wiles would sway,
How weak soe'er our bodies be,
Raise us by thy great might to thee.

Let not that flock by sin or hate
Be stained which thou didst consecrate
And save to seek the heavenly road,
O Christ, by shedding of thy blood.

O SHEPHERD good and kind and meek,
Thy wandering sheep in mercy seek:
Upon thy shoulder let them lie,
And bring them to thy halls on high.

So be the prince of hell outdone,
The ancient enemy o'erthrown,
The subtle thief be shamed away,
The wolf be cheated of his prey.

EXVLTET Christus Dominus,
Psallat chorus angelicus,
Laudes sonans in organo
Tersanctus dicat Domino.

GLORIAM tibi dicimus
Pater una cum Filio
Simul cum Sancto Spiritu
In trina laude personet.

For so doth Christ the Lord rejoice,
While quires of angels raise their voice
And sound of organs doth accord
In the "Thrice-Holy" to the Lord.

In hymns of glory let us raise,
Father and Son, thy meed of praise,
And to the Spirit endless laud,
Three persons in one only God.

CHRISTMAS

2

O BEATA gaude infantia,
Sed et gaudens doleas pariter,
Aggredere sancta mysteria
Pereuntis mundi letaliter.

Iam paterna adimplens nuntia
Gaude simul et dole flebilis,
Grandis enim tibi restat uia,
Nascens pauper, seruis et humilis.

A VAGITV sumas exordia
Nilque spernens nostrae miseriae,
Vagi, infans, inter praesepia,
Sed oscula pia dans Mariae
Solare, nam Patris imperia
Decreuerunt cruoris te stillis
Iam perfundi super altaria,
Qui natus es pauper et humilis.

AU gaudium reduxit litera,
Nam confestim alacres prodeunt,
Reges Tarsis ferentes munera,
Nec Herodem deinceps adeunt.
Aurum sicut regi magno donant,
Thus ut Deo myrrhamque cum illis
Inhumando; haec mystice sonant
Tibi, qui es pauper et humilis.

DVM Simeon miratur haec gesta,
Laetus psallit et plaudens manibus,
Tendo, inquit, ad alia festa,
In ferendis pro te muneribus

CHRISTMAS

2

REJOICE, O very blessed Infancy,
But let thy joy be mingled with a sigh:
Begin to-day thy holy mystery
Who com'st to save a world about to die.
Now is fulfilled in thee the Father's word;
Thy joy is mixed with pain and weeping sore,
For steep the way that waits for thee, O Lord,
Born as a servant, lowly, meek, and poor.

THOU criedst, newborn Saviour, it is told,
Who lackedst nothing of our wretchedness:
Cry, Child who liest in the manger cold,
Comfort thy Mother with thine infant kiss:
Thy blood must flow, for so the laws ordain
Thy Father gave to Abraham of yore,
Over the altar, hallowed by the stain,
Thou that art humble in the flesh and poor.

YET greater joys thou biddest us to sing;
Seeing the star, disdaining to delay,
The kings of Tharsis presents to thee bring,
Nor wait to honour Herod on their way,
They bear thee gold of royal majesty,
And incense, meetest gift their God to adore,
Myrrh for thy tomb: in mystic praise of thee
They bow, their Lord, a lowly child and poor.

AND Simeon marvels at the wondrous thing,
And sings in joy a canticle of praise.
"I pass to other festals of the King,"
Saith he, "yet here among the temple's ways

Speculabor, dum templum adies,
Et baculo aetate senilis
Sustentatus dicam millesies,
Salve, infans puer et humilis.

SED heu dolor, statim praedicetur,
Nam in signum cui contradicetur
Eris, inquit, nec matri mitius
Fiet, cuius animam gladius
Pertransibit. Sic ergo passurum
Te attende atque moriturum,
Sed sic uolens, sic es passibilis,
Nasci uolens pauper et humilis.

PRINCEPS praestans et Pastor ouium,
Princeps pacis et Pastor omnium,
Princeps mundi, Herodes malignus
Tyrannide nos quaerit perdere
Et barathri ad ima ruere,
Sed succurre nobis, Rex benignus,
Propitius sis et placabilis,
Natus pauper seruus et humilis.

I seek for thee meet offerings to God's name,
And by my staff (for I am old and hoar)
Upheld, a thousand times I will proclaim
Hail! I adore thee, Infant meek and poor.

"ALAS the woe!" forthwith he prophesied,
"A sign for all to mock and to deride
Thou art appointed: nor thy Mother less,
For through her soul a sword of bitterness
Shall pierce. Thou that the world dost sanctify,
Prepare thyself to suffer and to die.
Thus willing, these the pains thou shalt endure,
Who wilt thy birth in lowly flesh and poor."

THOU Shepherd of the sheep, Prince worshipful,
Thou Prince of peace and Shepherd of us all,
That mystic Herod who on earth doth reign
Seeketh to slay us of his tyranny,
That we with him in hell's deep darkness lie.
Fair Sovereign, deign to aid us and sustain,
Be near to guard and keep us evermore,
Child born to save us, lowly, meek, and poor.

LENT

I

AVRES ad nostras Deitatis preces
Deus inclina pietate sola,
Supplicum vota suscipe precamur
Famuli tui.

RESPICE clemens solio de sancto,
Vultu sereno lampades illustra,
Lumine tuo tenebras repelle
Pectori nostro.

CRIMINA laxa pietate multa:
Ablue sordes, vincula disrumpe,
Parce peccatis, releua iacentes
Dextera tua.

TE sine tetro mergimur profundo,
Labimur alta sceleris sub unda;
Brachio tuo trahamur ad clara
Sidera coeli.

CHRISTE, lux uera, bonitas et uita,
Gaudium mundi, pietas immensa,
Qui nos a morte roseo saluasti
Sanguine tuo,

INSERE tuum petimus amorem
Mentibus nostris; fidei refunde
Lumen aeternum, charitatis auge
Dilectionem.

TV nobis dona fontem lacrymarum
Ieiuniorum fortia ministra,
Vitia carnis millia retunde
Framea tua.

LENT

I

GOD, of thy pity, unto us thy children
Bend down thine ear in thine own lovingkindness,
And all thy people's prayers and vows ascending
Hear, we beseech thee.

Look down in mercy from thy seat of glory,
Pour on our souls the radiance of thy presence,
Drive from our weary hearts the shades of darkness,
Lightening our footsteps.

Free us from sin by might of thy great loving,
Cleanse thou the sordid, loose the fettered spirit,
Spare every sinner, raise with thine own right hand
All who are fallen.

Reft of thy guiding we are lost in darkness,
Drowned in the great wide sea of sin we perish,
But we are led by thy strong hand to climb the
Ascents of heaven.

Christ, very light and goodness, life of all things,
Joy of the whole world, infinite in kindness,
Who by the crimson flowing of thy life-blood
From death hast saved us,

Plant, sweetest Jesu, at our supplication
Deep in our hearts thy charity: upon us
Faith's everlasting light be poured, and increase
Grant us of loving.

Grant to our souls a holy fount of weeping,
Grant to us strength to aid us in our fasting,
And all the thousand hosts of evil banish
Far from thy people.

PROCVL a nobis perfidus absistat
Satan a tuis uiribus contraetus :
Sanctus assistat Spiritus a tua
Sede demissus.

GLORIA Deo sit aeterno Patri,
Sit tibi semper Genitoris Nate,
Cum quo aequalis Spiritus per cuncta
Saecula regnat.

BRUISED by thine heel may Satan and his legions
Far from our minds be driven, that are guided
By the indwelling of the Holy Spirit
Sent from thy heaven.

GLORY to God the Father everlasting,
Glory for ever to the Sole-begotten,
With whom the Holy Spirit through the ages
Reigneth coequal.

LENT

2

SVMMI largitor praemii,
Spes qui es unica mundi,
Preces intende seruorum
Ad te deuote clamantium.

NOSTRA te conscientia
Graue offendisse monstrat,
Quam emundes supplicamus
Ab omnibus piaculis.

Si renuis quis tribuet,
Indulge quia potens es,
Te corde rogare mundo
Fac nos precamur Domine.

ERGO acceptare nostrum
Qui sacraſti ieiunium,
Quo mystice paschalia
Capiamus sacramenta.

SVMMMA nobis hoc conferat
In Deitate Trinitas,
In qua gloriatur unus
Per cuncta saecula Deus.

LENT

2

SOLE hope of all the world and Lord,
Bestower of the great reward,
Receive the prayers thy servants raise
Mixt with meet psalms and chants of praise.

AND though our conscience doth proclaim
Our deep transgressions and our shame,
Cleanse us, O God, we humbly plead,
From sins of thought and word and deed.

OUR sins remember thou no more:
Forgive: thou art of mighty power:
So take upon thee, Lord, our care
That pure in heart we make our prayer.

THEREFORE accept, O Lord, this tide
Of fast which thou hast sanctified,
That we may reach by mystic ways
The sacraments of Paschal days.

MAY he who is the threefold Lord
On us confer this high reward,
In whom so long as worlds abide
One only God is glorified.

LENT

3

LVCIS auctor clemens, lumen immensum,
Lumen cuius fulget sanctus aeternus,
Christus qui regnat cum ipso in unum,
Et Sanctus Spiritus, una potestas,

TETRAE noctis huius caliginem pelle,
Serpentisque fraudem quaesumus fuga:
Nos armatos crucis signaculo salua,
Sacrosancto tuo nomine dita,

Qvos peccati mole grauide pressos
Sua milleformis fraude decepit,
Se uictorem gaudens quoque se uictum
Cognoscat uirtute omnipotentis.

PATER immortalis, omnium pastor,
Inidentem hostem frange fuscantem,
Lumen nobis praebe perenne de sancto,
Tenebroso calle non paueamus.

REDEMPTOR excelse, rex omnis terrae,
Delictorum pius gemitus attende,
Insidiantem hostem confringe, Saluator,
Nos aeternae uitae redde beatos,

NOCTEM nobis istam dona quietem,
Inimicum hostem fuga a nobis,
Crucis signum uincat omne iniquum,
Te Christe rogamus, mane nobiscum.

GLORIA et honor Deitati trinae,
Ingenito Deo, Genitoque Christo,
Spirituque simul Paraclito Sancto,
Cuius uerbo claret saecula cuncta.

LENT

3

MERCIFUL author of light, Light unfading,
Light that dost shine on us, holy, eternal,
Christ, with that light reigning ever in union,
Holiest Comforter, one in thy Godhead,

DRIVE from our hearts the dark shadows of evening,
Banish, we pray thee, the guile of the serpent,
Signed with thy cross do thou deign to preserve us,
Bless with thy name, the Unuttered, thrice-Holy.

AND though the wiles of our foe be a thousand,
Yet in the hour he rejoiceth as victor
Seeing us bound with the fetters of sinning,
Grant he may fall by thy valour almighty.

FATHER immortal and Shepherd of all men,
Break thou the power of the wolf that would harm us,
Grant us thy light from the fount everlasting,
So that we know not the terror of darkness.

SAVIOUR most glorious, King of the whole world,
Bend to the groans of thy sinful creation,
Keep us from snares of the prince of the darkness,
Bless us, and bring us to life everlasting.

GRANT that this night may be quiet and peaceful,
Shame thou the foe that would tempt us to sinning,
And by the cross's sign vanquish all evil;
Christ, we beseech thee, abide with us alway.

GLORY and praise to thee, Deity trinal,
God Unbegotten, and Christ the Begotten,
And to the Paraclete, holy and mighty,
Who by his word giveth light to the ages.

EASTER

I

TE centies mille legionum angeli
Concentu plaudunt et canora iubilent
Christe Jesu Alpha et O omnipotens,
Sepultus olim et uiuens in saecula,
Testis fidelis et uerum principium.

QVI mundi huius deiecisti principem
Redimens orbem tuo almo sanguine,
Sanctus et uerus genitus ingeni,
Reserans clausum et apertum obstruens,
Faciens Deo regni sacerdotium.

TV uerus agnus solus sine macula
Qui dextram Patris collocatus solio,
Solutus egressus ab arce dominica,
Similis iaspis et sardino lapidi
Iris per gyrum izmaragdum circuit.

TV Dei pignus, hominisque Filius,
Septies librum signatum signaculis
Soluere signa dignior repertus es,
Agnus occisus, septem pollens cornibus,
Septeno fulgens et lumine flammeo.

E THRONO produnt fulgura tonitrua,
Septem ardentes ante thronum lampades,
Septem ubique missi Dei spiritus,
Septem estellae micant Agni dextera,
Septem cui adstant candelabra aurea.

STANS ante thronum nitet mare uitreum,
Bis bini fortes idem animalia,
Homo per genus, leo voce praestrepens,

EASTER

I

A HUNDRED thousand hosts of angels unto thee
With one consent of laud for ever raise their song,
Alpha and O almighty, Jesus Christ the Lord,
Once buried, but who livest to eternal days
The faithful Martyr, first-begotten of the dead.

THOU by whose might the prince of this world was cast out,
Who didst redeem the world by thy most precious blood,
Holy and true, Begotten of the Unbegot,
Who openest what was shut, and what was oped dost shut,
Who makest us to God the Father priests and kings.

THOU very Lamb who reignest only without spot,
Who sittest at thy Father's right upon a throne,
Who wentest forth from heavenly citadels alone,
In form like to a jasper and a sardine stone,
A rainbow circling through a wheel of emerald.

THOU art the pledge of God, thou art the Son of Man,
And of the Book that is fast sealed with seven seals
Thou wert found worthy that the seals thou mightest ope ;
Thou art the Lamb once slain that hast the seven horns
That shine with sevenfold light of seven darting flames.

FORTH from the throne the lightnings and the thunders go ;
And seven burning lamps are set before the throne,
And seven spirits sent of God through all the earth,
And seven stars shine in the right hand of the Lamb,
Before whom stand the seven candlesticks of gold,

AGAINST the throne where flasheth forth a sea of glass
Stand twice two mighty beasts of aspect mystical ;
One hath a man's form, one a lion's sonant voice,

Iuuenus ore promit sacerdotium,
Petens ad astra mole uolans aquilae.

QVATVOR formis senis alis singulis,
Ante et retro cuncta plena oculis,
Vigilant semper dormiendi nescii,
Vicissim, sanctus ter clamantes iugiter
Ille qui erat, est, et qui uenturus est.

SEDENTES circum quater seni primates,
Amicti cuncti niueis cicladibus,
Et laureati diademis aureis,
Aureas uehunt phialas aromatum,
Aureis psallunt modulis et citharis,

GLORIA Patri, laus et benedictio
Agni sedenti super throno: in coelis
Cum Patre regnat et cum Sancto Spiritu
Connexa simul tribus una Deitas
Per infinita saeculorum saecula.

One as a heifer shows the priesthood of the Lord,
One soareth to the skies on the strong eagle's wing.

THESE four whereof each one with six great wings is found
Who are all full of eyes before them and behind,
Watch ever, with eyes closing not in sleep at all,
And sing together evermore "Thrice holy he,
The mighty One who was and is and is to come."

AND four and twenty elders sit before the throne,
Clothed in snow-white robes of linen very fair,
And garlanded with garlands hewn of purest gold;
They carry golden phials of very precious herbs,
And sweetly chant to golden lutes and harps of gold.

GLORY to God the Father, blessing and all laud
To the Lamb seated on the throne; who in the heights
Reigneth with God the Father and the Holy Ghost,
Three persons in one sole and perfect Deity,
Through all the endless ages of eternity.

EASTER

2

VITA sanctorum, decus angelorum,
Vita cunctorum pariter piorum,
Christe, qui mortis moriens ministrum
Exsuperasti,

Tu tuo laetos famulos tropaeo
Nunc in his serva placidis diebus,
In quibus sacrum celebratur omnem
Pascha per orbem,

PASCHA, qui victor rediens ab imo
Atque cum multis aliis resurgens,
Ipse susceptum super alta carnem
Astra levasti.

Nunc in excelsis Dominus refulgens
Et super coelos Deus eleuatus
Inde uenturus homo iudicatus
Denuo iudex.

CORDA tu sursum modo nostra tolle
Quo Patri dexter residens in alto,
Ne resurgentes facias in ima
Praecipitari.

Hoc Pater tecum, hoc idem sacratus
Praestet amorum, pie Christe, Flatus
Cum quibus regnas Deus unus omni
Iugiter aevo.

EASTER

2

LIFE of thy saints and glory of thine angels,
Christ, who art life of all who strive to love thee,
Who by thy dying on the cross didst vanquish
Death's ministration,

SAVE in these holy days of peace thy servants,
Guard and sustain by pledges of thy triumph,
For now thy Paschal feast throughout the wide world
Joy they in keeping.

FEAST when from hell as victor thou returning
When thou hadst loosed the fathers that were sleeping,
Bearedst the flesh that thou didst take upon thee
Unto the high stars.

Now thou art Lord resplendent in the highest,
And o'er the heavens, God, thou art exalted;
Thence thou shalt come, O God and man, in glory,
Judge, at the world's end.

RAISE thou our hearts to know thee in thy beauty
Where thou dost sit at the high Father's right hand,
Lest though we rise thy perfect justice cast us
Into the darkness.

THIS may the Father grant us, Holy Saviour;
This may he grant who is of both the Spirit,
With whom thou reignest, one in perfect Godhead,
Unto all ages.

ASCENSION

NOBIS, olympto redditus
Qui, Christe, sedes praeparas,
Nos exules in patriam
Trahas amoris nexibus.

BONIS abundans omnibus,
Ingens eris merces, Deus;
Quam longa pro poena brevi
Tuos manebunt gaudia!

TUNC ore nudo, qualis es,
Quantusque, te uidebimus,
Amabimus te iugiter,
Te iugiter laudabimus.

SI quos amas, non deseris,
Nostrae salutis obsidem
Mittas ab altis sedibus,
Qui nos adoptet, Spiritum.

VENTURE Iudex saeculi,
Iesu, tibi sit gloria
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,
In sempiterna saecula.

ASCENSION

O CHRIST, who mountest up the sky
To deck fair thrones for us on high,
Thine exiled sons in love restore
Unto their native land once more.

THERE gifts to all thou dost afford,
Thyself shall be our great reward ;
How brief below our time of pain !
How long our pleasure shall remain !

WITH eye unveiled and sated heart
We there shall see thee as thou art,
And tell in hymns of sweet accord
Our love and praise of thee, O Lord.

LEST we be orphaned of thy love,
Send down from thy high halls above
The Spirit of adoption sweet,
Salvation's pledge, the Paraclete.

JESU, to thee our anthems tend
Who shalt be judge at time's last end ;
To God the Father equal praise
And Holy Ghost through endless days.

PENTECOST

GRATIA tua, Spiritus,
Praesens sit nobis omnibus,
Quae corda nostra uisitet
Atque in eis habitet.

EXPULSIS inde uitiis
Et omnibus malitiis
Ac nostrae mentis tenebris
Simul cum immunditiis.

AMATOR tu Paraclite
Vnctionem tuam mitte
Cordi nostro et animae
Cum tuo claro lumine.

SINE te nihil possumus,
Nos ergo a te poscimus
Vt preces quas nos fundimus
Dignae sint tuis auribus.

PER te quies sit temporum,
Vitae detur solatium,
Pacis redundet commodum,
Sedetur omne scandalum.

PRAESTA hoc, Pater optime,
Christe tu Nate maxime
Atque tu Spiritus alme
Qui regnas omni tempore.

PENTECOST

THY grace, O Holy Ghost, impart
This day to each expectant heart;
Descend in love on us to rest,
A temple build in every breast.

FROM every stain of sin set free
The people that believe in thee,
The darkness of their minds dispel,
That all be clean where thou dost dwell.

O COMFORTER, supreme in love,
Pour down thine unction from above,
Fill every soul with light divine,
And on our inmost spirits shine.

OUR strength is weakness, reft of thee;
Therefore beseech we suppliantly,
Bend thou to every halting prayer
That it be worthy in thine ear.

THROUGH thee may all our days be calm,
Lest fleshly scandal work us harm,
Thy holy gifts of peace abound,
Thy balm of life heal every wound.

GRANT this, O Father ever One
With Christ thy Sole-begotten Son,
And Holy Ghost, whom all adore
Reigning and blest for evermore.

THE HOLY TRINITY

ADESTO Pater Domine
Lumenque uenerabile,
Nobis te deprecantibus
Cordis et oris laudibus.

ADSIITQUE tuus Filius
Aequalis Vnigenitus,
Qui nos redemit proprio
Sui cruoris pretio.

PARACLETUSQUE Spiritus
Mittatur a te coelitus,
Qui nos adornet splendidis
Morum bonorum meritis.

Tu principalis Trinitas
Nec non perennis Vnitas,
Adsiste uotis supplicum
Et terge sordes criminum.

LAVS honor uirtus gloria
Deo Patri et Filio
Sancto simul Paracrito
In sempiterna saecula.

THE HOLY TRINITY

BE present, Father, Lord of all,
Thou Light that art most worshipful,
Be near us as our prayers we raise
And heart unites with mouth in praise.

AND may thy Son, the Sole-begot,
The Coeternal, fail us not,
Who hath redeemed us on the Rood
And paid the price of his own blood.

AND may the Holy Ghost be nigh,
The Comforter from thee on high,
Who doth adorn our humble race
With sevenfold mystic gifts of grace.

O EVERLASTING Trinity,
And ever perfect Unity,
Hear thou from heaven thy suppliants' vows,
And cleanse from stains of sin their brows.

LAUD, honour, might and praise be done
To God the Father and the Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete
Through endless ages, as is meet.

PURIFICATION OF OUR LADY

REFVLSIT almae dies lucis candidus
Partum puellae uirginis per aureum,
Quando supernis filius de sedibus
A Patre missus homo nasci uoluit,
Permansit idem proles alti Numinis.

LEGIS sacratae sanctis caeremoniis
Subiectus omnis calamo Mosaico
Dignatur esse, qui regit perfulgidos
In arce Patris ordines angelicos,
Coelum, qui terram fundauit ac maria.

POSTQVAM puellae dies quadragesimus
Est adimpletus iuxta legem Domini,
Maria uirgo Iesum sanctum puerum
Vlnis sacratis templi tunc in atriis
Tulit, tremendi genitoris unicum.

MATER beata carnis sub uelamine
Deum ferebat humeris castissimis,
Dulcia strictis basia sub labiis,
Deoque uero homini impresserat,
Ore iubente quo sunt cuncta condita.

DVOS parentes tulerunt candidulos
Pullos columbae lacteolis plumulis,
Dedere templo par pro eo turturum,
Veluti legis promulgabat sanctio,
Quales perustas consecrarent hostias.

DEI sacerdos, humilis, mitissimus,
Erat in urbe, iustus senex optimus,
Felix beatus Simeon coelifluo
Sacroque plenus adfuit spiramine,
Sacra sub aula uerbi Dei conscius.

PURIFICATION OF OUR LADY

THE golden dawn hath brought the light of that blest day
Adorned with the childbearing of a virgin fair,
When God the Son descended from his throne on high
Sent from the Father, and in flesh willed to be born,
Remaining still the Sole-begotten of the Lord.

AND here on earth for us he deigned to undergo
The holy rites commanded by the ancient law
Writ by the hand of Moses, though he rules on high
The shining hosts of angels in his Father's land
And built the earth and sea and sky and all the stars.

AND knowing now the mystic forty days were past
Ordained of old by the commandment of the Lord,
Mary the mother-maid took up the Holy Child
Who ever with the Founder of the world is one,
And bore him in her arms unto the temple halls.

THE blessed mother nestling bare against her breast
The God who made her and upheld her, veiled in flesh,
And looking down on him who is both God and man
She kissed with the sweet kisses of her mouth his lips,
Those lips that spake of old time, and the worlds were made.

AND the two parents brought before the Lord of Hosts
Two pigeons clothed in plumage soft and white as milk,
And in the temple gave a pair of turtledoves
That should be consecrate as a burnt sacrifice,
As had of old been writ and sanctioned by the Law.

THERE was in those days in the town a priest of God,
An old man, humble, gentle, by the Lord beloved,
Simeon by name, thrice happy over all men born,
Filled with the Holy Spirit sent from God's high throne,
Who waited in the temple for the word of God.

Hic namque dudum responsum acceperat
Sacro docente Spiritu, quod uinculo
Mortis resolui non posset de corpore
Nisi uideret Christum uiuens Dominum,
Quem misit alto Genitor de solio.

SUSCEPIT namque puerum in manibus,
Agens superno Genitori gratias,
Vlnis retentans benedixit Dominum,
Amore plenus cordis cum dulcedine,
Addens et alto sermone subintulit,

DIMITTE, tuum, Domine, nunc obsecro,
In pace seruum, quia meis merui
Tuum uidere salutare uisibus,
Quod praeparasti pietate unica
Ante tuorum populorum faciem.

FULGENSQUE lumen gentium in oculis,
Gloriam plebis Israelis germinis,
Positus hic est in ruinam scandali
Et in salutem Iacob stirpis aureae,
Donec secreta reuelentur cordium.

IPSIVS, inquit, tuum, sancta genitrix,
Transibit ictus gladii per animam ;
Seruabat casto mystica sub pectore,
Maria uerba conferens alacriter,
Dictis supernis credula fideliter.

DOXA sit Patri per immensa saecula,
Et Iesu Christo, Patris Vnigenito,
Decus, potestas, uirtus super aethera,
Sancto per omne saeculum Paraclito,
Laus infinita, honor et imperium.

AND this man had received an answer from the Lord
Taught by the Spirit of the Lord, that from the flesh
He should not gain releasing, till that he had seen
The Christ, the Saviour, in the flesh made manifest,
Whom the high Father sendeth from his throne on high.

AND so he took into his arms the holy Child,
And giving thanks unto the Father in the heights
He blessed the Lord of all things held against his breast,
And sweetness filled his soul, more sweet than all things sweet,
And thus he spake, in words that ring through every age:

"LORD, I beseech thee, let thy servant now in peace
Depart according to thy word: for with mine eyes
I have beheld thy great salvation of thy grace,
Which thou preparest, who art very merciful,
Before the face of all thy people evermore.

"THAT shineth as a light to give the Gentiles light,
The glory of thy chosen nation, Israel's race;
A sign that shall be contradicted he is set,
And for salvation unto Jacob's blessed seed,
Until the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

"YEA, through thine own soul also," thus he prophesied,
"Mother most holy, shall a sword of sorrow pierce."
And Mary heard and pondered in her heart most pure
The mystic words, as she aforetime had believed
With perfect faith the Angel's message from the Lord.

Glory to God the Father through eternal years,
To Jesus Christ, the Father's Sole-begotten Son
Be blessing, honour, praise and virtue in the heights,
And so through endless ages to the Holy Ghost
The Comforter, ascribe we honouring and laud.

THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF OUR LADY

PENDENS in crucis cornibus
Longe porrectis manibus
Ob genitricis merita
Trahe nos ad celestia.

QVAM prope stantem caritas
Plaga doloris penetras,
Fac, pia, nos in pectore
Hoc sauciare uulnere.

Tv sol occasum nesciens
Mortem qui uincis moriens,
Piae parentis precibus
Nostris appare mentibus.

VIRGO, quae unigenitum
Tuum plorasti mortuum,
Da pietatis lacrymas
Nostrasque dele maculas.

VERVM Joseph in tumulum
Christi ponunt corpusculum,
Matris obtentu, Kyrie,
Nos morte uicta redime.

STELLA maris praeifulgida,
Ad uiam uitae praeuia,
Exutos carnis pondere
In Christe fac quiescere.

Cvstros tuarum ouium,
Quam turma seruat militum,
Ab omni nos temptamine
Matris oratu protege.

THE SEVEN DOLOURS OF OUR LADY

O THOU who hangest on the tree
With arms wide-stretched in charity,
Grant us at thy blest mother's prayer
To meet thee on the heavenly stair.

LOVE, and a sevenfold sorrow's dart
Beside the cross transfixed thy heart;
Lady of mercy, grant to us
To share that wound most dolorous.

JESU, thou sun that know'st no night,
That conquerest death by death's own might,
Unto thy servants' hearts appear
Now at thy blissful mother's prayer.

MAIDEN, who weepest for thy son,
The blessed Sole-begotten One,
Grant us the tears of love, we pray,
And wash our every stain away.

THE God she bare within her womb
Is laid within the rock-hewn tomb;
Our souls enchained by death of yore,
Lord, at thy Mother's prayer restore.

STAR of the sea most fair, we pray,
That guid'st us on life's narrow way,
No more by bonds of flesh oppressed,
Grant us in Christ thy son to rest.

O SHEPHERD of the sheep, thy praise
A thousand bands of angels raise;
From all temptation thine elect
At thy blest mother's prayer protect.

REGINA coeli Maria
Quam laudat omnis anima,
Completo nos seruitio,
Remuneret donatio.

GLORIA tibi, Domine,
Qui natus es de uirgine,
Cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu
In sempiterna saecula.

QUEEN in the land of starshining
Whose praises every heart doth sing,
When all our earthly praise is done,
Reward us with thy benison.

GLORY to Thee through all the earth,
Lord Jesu, for thy virgin birth,
With Father and with Spirit One
While endless ages onward run.

INVENTION OF THE CROSS

CHRISTE supreme dominator alme,
Rex triumphator, celebris redemptor,
Quos redemisti pretio ualenti,
Nosmet obaudi.

DEBITAS laudes meritasque grates
Reddimus uotis tibimet, benigne,
Quos crucis magno redemis trophaeo
Sanguine fuso.

HOSTE submerso barathri profundo
Vicerat ligno draco qui nociuo,
Christi per lignum sua damna sanctum
Plorat per aeuum.

MOERET extincto coluber ueneno,
Viribus pressis soliti doloris,
Luget assumptum ueterem colonum
In paradisum.

PER crucis signum, crucifer, iucundum,
Per tui dulcis pretium cruoris,
Iure clementi famulos atroci
Eripe morti.

DOXA regnanti supero parenti,
Laus simul proli maneat perenni
Cum coaeterno pariterque digno
Pneumate Sancto.

INVENTION OF THE CROSS

CHRIST in the highest, holy Lord of all things,
Conqueror and Sovereign, worshipful Redeemer,
Hear us in mercy, whom with price most wondrous
Thou hast redeemed.

PRAISE and thanksgiving jubilant and meetest
Offer we praying, sweetest King and kindest,
Whom by the pouring of thy blood thou savedst
On Rood victorious.

ONCE of old time the ancient foe had lured us
Unto his prison by a tree's temptation,
But through the holy wood of Christ he waileth
Bound through the ages.

Now doth the serpent mourn his fangs, no longer
Able to harm, his poison reft for ever,
Now doth he weep, hell harrowed, and his people
Called to the heavens.

So through the cross, O Crucified, most precious,
So through the price unpriced of thy fair lifeblood,
Deign in thy mercy now to save thy servants
From death eternal.

GLORY to God who reigneth in the highest,
Praise to the Son who reigns with him for ever,
Laud to the Holy Spirit coeternal,
Equal in Godhead.

S. COLUMBA

IESV Redemptor omnium,
Seruos benigne respice,
Per Columbae suffragium
Mites et castos effice.

HIC pietatis moribus
Refulsit in ecclesia
Columbinis operibus
Cum summa pudicitia.

VITANS sordis malitiam
Peccati pro diluuiio
Quaesiuit sibi requiem
In arcae sacrae solio.

FELLE carens et simplicem
Mentis habens intuitum,
Laudem canit multiplicem
Super aquarum transitum.

MVNDVM calcans sub pedibus
Suspirat ad coelestia,
Sacris plenis operibus
Laetus gaudet in patria.

SOLI Deo sit gloria
Qui nos post cursus stadia
Columbae per suffragia
Ducat ad coeli gaudia.

S. COLUMBA

JESU, all men's redeemer dear,
Thy servants deign in love to hear :
For us may Saint Columba pour
His prayer that we be meek and pure.

FOR in the church of God shone bright
His gentle life for all men's light,
And both in name and works a dove,
He lived in chastity and love.

FROM every evil thought his breast
Was cleansed, and he sought for rest
Beyond the waves of sin's dark flood
Within the holy halls of God.

FROM every taint of anger clean,
With simple mind and free from sin,
He sang to God fair praise and sweet,
Where many roaring waters meet.

THE world beneath his feet he trod,
His wistful sighs went up to God,
And full of holy works, he passed
To Jesu's gladsome land at last.

ALL honour to the Lord be done,
Who after this life's race is run
Shall lead us at Columba's prayer
To heaven his servant's joys to share.

S. ALBAN

ECCE uotiuu recoluntur festa
Quae protomartyr sanguine dicauit
Inclito magnus nomine Albanus
Rite colendus.

ILLE tyrannus spreuit iracundos,
Verberum plagas, laniorum iras,
Fuso cruore decoratur inde
Laurea uitae.

HINC populosae gratulentur turbae,
Carmina claris meditentur hymnis,
Quo patris prece mereantur iungi
Ciuibus coeli.

IAM nunc, patrone meritis excelse,
Martyr Albane, seruulos attende,
Fer opem cunctis tibi nunc canoris
Atque deuotis.

ESTO protector famulis et fautor,
Plebis adiutor, pacis et largitor,
Nobis defensor, domus huius cultor
Et habitator.

DAEMONVM truces procul pelle uires,
Hostium diras calca potens iras,
Teque iuuante adscribamur digne
In libro uitae.

TE Deum sanctum, trinum atque unum,
Supplices claro reboamus hymno,
Laudem chorea cui dant superna
Per saecula cuncta.

S. ALBAN

LO how the whole world on this day is keeping
Meetly a feast in honour of his great name
Who of our people offered first his lifeblood,
Alban the Martyr.

STEADFAST he scorned the terror of the tyrant,
Feared not the lash nor pain of any torment;
See where the bloodstained banners of his triumph
Wave in the heavens.

THEREFORE the people gratefully proclaim him,
Therefore with psalm and organ-chord they laud him,
That at their saint's prayer they may reach the saintly
Mansions eternal.

THEREFORE, O patron marvellous in merit,
Alban the warrior, hear thy humble servants,
Grant to them now the help of thy protection
Humbly who hymn thee.

BE thou thy people's guardian and protector,
Peace and thy succour grant them of thy bounty,
Mighty defender, dwelling in the temple
Built to thine honour.

FAR from us drive the hosts of evil spirits,
Tread 'neath thy feet the anger of the foeman,
That in the Book of life our names be written,
Thou interceding.

GODHEAD most holy, Godhead One and Trinal,
Prostrate and lowly we in hymns adore thee,
Whom through the ages sweetest choirs of angels
Praise without ending.

SS. PETER AND PAUL

FELIX per omnes festum mundi cardines
Apostolorum praeapollet alacriter
Petri beati, Pauli sacratissimi,
Quos Christus almo consecrauit sanguine,
Ecclesiarum deputauit principes.

HI sunt oliuae duae coram Domino,
Et candelabra luce radiantia,
Praeclara coeli duo luminaria,
Fortia soluunt peccatorum uincula,
Portas Olympi reserunt fidelibus.

HABENT supernas potestatem claudere
Sermone sedes, pandere splendentia
Limina poli super alta sidera,
Linguae eorum clauēs coeli factae sunt,
Laruas repellunt ultra mundi limitem.

PETRVS beatus catenarum laqueos
Christo iubente rupit mirabiliter,
Custos ouilis, et doctor Ecclesiae,
Pastorque gregis, conseruator ouium,
Arcet luporum truculentam rabiem.

QVODCVMQVE uinclis super terram strinxerit
Erit in astris religatum fortiter;
Et quod resoluit in terris arbitrio
Erit solutum super coeli radium;
In fine mundi iudex erit saeculi.

NON impar Paulus huic, doctor gentium,
Electiōnis templum sacratissimum,
In morte compar, in corona particeps,
Ambo lucernae et decus ecclesiae,
In orbe claro coruscant uibramine.

SS. PETER AND PAUL

THIS holy feast through all the quarters of the world
Proclaims the Apostolic might magnifical
Of blessed Peter and of Paul the saint of God,
Whom Christ hath sanctified with his most sacred blood
And made them princes of the churches of the earth.

THESE are two olive-trees that stand before the Lord,
And candlesticks that shine with never-failing light,
Twin radiant lamps of heaven burning endlessly,
Who loose the heavy chains of sin upon the earth,
And to the faithful rend the great celestial gates.

THEY have the power to close the halls most excellent
Of heaven by a word, the shining gates to ope
High o'er the shimmering stars that guard the spotless skies;
Their tongues are made the keys of the fair land of God,
They drive the demons past the limits of the world.

HOLY Saint Peter breaketh at the Lord's command
With wondrous power the snares and fetters of the earth;
The guardian of the fold and doctor of the church,
The shepherd of the flock and keeper of the sheep,
He from the cruel rage of wolves doth them protect.

WHATE'ER upon the earth with chains he shall have bound
Shall be more strongly bound within the halls on high;
And what on earth is loosed by his prevailing word
Shall be made free for aye in heaven's perfect light;
He shall at the world's end be judge of quick and dead.

NOR is less might to Paul, the teacher of the earth,
A vessel of election holy to the Lord,
Companion in the death, partaker in the crown;
These twain, the light and glory of the church of God,
Shine forth with purest radiance through the whole round world.

O ROMA felix, quae tuorum principum
Es purpurata pretioso sanguine,
Excellis omnem mundi pulchritudinem,
Non laude tua sed sanctorum meritis,
Quos cruentatis iugulasti gladiis.

Vos ergo modo gloriosi martyres,
Petre beate, Pauli mundi lilium,
Coelestis aulae triumphales milites,
Precibus almis uestris nos ab omnibus
Munite malis, ferte super aethera.

GLORIA Deo per immensa saecula;
Sit tibi Nate decus et imperium,
Honor, potestas, sanctoque Spiritui;
Sit Trinitati salus indiuiduae
Per infinita saeculorum saecula.

O H A P P Y Rome, who art encarnadined and blest
With these thy holy martyrs' very precious blood,
Who thus excellest every beauty of the earth,
Not by thine own praise, but by merit of the saints
Whom once thou slewest, smiting with the sanguine sword.

So may ye therefore now, ye martyrs glorious,
Peter most blessed, Paul the lily of the world,
Triumphant warriors of the palaces of heaven,
With your most holy intercessions guard us well
From every evil, raising us above the skies.

G L O R Y to God through ages that have never end ;
To thee, O Son, be everlasting might and praise,
And power and honour to the Holy Paraclete ;
And to the Undivided Perfect Trinity
Laud through the endless ages of eternity.

S. BERNARD

IESV, Amor Vnice,
Fons totius gratiae,
Lilium conuallium,
Dulcis Amor cordium,
Felices quos reficis,
Amor qui non deficis.

GRANDE donum gratiae,
Sequi regem gloriae,
Quem circumdant lilia,
Sanctorum tot milia,
Concrepantque dulcibus
Hymnis atque laudibus.

QVORVM in consortio
Laetabundus gaudio
Fonte hausto gratiae
Canticum laetitiae,
O Bernarde, concinis
Regem cernens oculis.

VENUSTATVS candidis
Paradisi liliis
Agnum sequens iugiter
Promis singulariter
Virginale canticum
Turmis iunctus uirginum.

IAM cum sponso dulcia
Pascis inter lilia,
In abyssu luminum
Coeli consors agminum,
Opulenta requie
Cubans in meridie.

S. BERNARD

JESU, fount of every grace,
Only love of all our race,
Lily of the valleys white,
Sweetest love and heart's delight,
Happy those whom thou dost feed,
Love who failest not in need.

GIFT how perfect, glorious King,
In thy footsteps following,
Round whose feet the lilies grow,
And the saintly thousands glow,
And in hymns of sweetest laud
Praise thee, very God of God.

IN whose happy company
Gladly and eternally,
At the fount of grace refreshed,
Songs of praises loveliest,
Blessed Bernard, thou dost sing,
While thine eyes behold the King.

GARLANDED with lilies white,
Shining in the heavenly light,
Thou, upon the golden road
Following the Lamb of God,
With the Virgin quires for aye
Sing'st the song of chastity.

'MIDST the lilies thou dost browse
In the Bridegroom's holy house,
In the starry fair abyss
Joined with heavenly companies,
Resting from the noonday heat
In the cooling grasses sweet.

IAM securus habitas;
Vere ferret caritas,
Caritatis otium,
Perenne solstitium,
Iugis exsultatio
Frequens iubilatio.

ANGELORVM curiae
Praesentatus hodie,
Regis in cubiculo
Debriaris osculo,
Sponso clarus roseum
Introgressus thalamum.

O QVAM dulci iubilo
Regis in palatio
Ad consortes cursitas,
Cogit enim caritas,
Flore iam perpetuo
Coronatus candido.

SIX regis filia,
Cuius omnis gloria
Ab intus in aureis
Praedicatur fimbriis,
Oleo non uacuum
Amplexare filium.

QVEM decorum gloria
Honestavit gratia,
Vixit intus feruidum
Caritatis oleum,
Oleum laetitiae,
Decor conscientiae.

Now thou dwell'st in pastures fair;
Very love hath borne thee there;
Now in love thou hast thy peace
And eternal perfectness,
Jubilation nought may rend,
Exultation without end.

THOU hast climbed the starry way
To the angel host to-day,
To the King's own royal seat,
With his kisses satiate,
Thou hast found thy full reward,
Bride beloved of the Lord.

O WITH what sweet welcoming
In the palace of the King
To thy fellows thou dost run;
Perfect love doth urge thee on,
Crowned for ever in those bowers
With a crown of snow-white flowers.

DAUGHTER fair of Sion's king,
All his glory gathering
Round about thee, as was told,
Clothed in garments wrought of gold,
Oil of gladness o'er thee poured,
Faithful servant of thy Lord.

WHOM in glory worthily
He hath honoured graciously,
Hath anointed thee above
With the oil of fervent love,
And for thy heart's comeliness
With the oil of gladness.

SVMMA Tibi Trinitas
Temporum aeternitas,
Canticorum dulciter
Laus perennis iugiter,
Honor, uirtus, gloria
Per aeterna saecula.

UNTO thee, O Trinity,
Through the long eternity
Praise and sweetest songs of laud
Do the heavenly choirs afford,
Honour, virtue, power and might,
Through the ages infinite. Amen.

ALL SAINTS

I

OMNIVM Christe pariter tuorum
Festa Sanctorum colimus precantes
Hos tibi qui iam meruere iungi
Nostra tueri.

VINCLAS nostrorum scelerum resolve
Luce uirtutum populos adornent
Vindicerent nobis pietate sola
Regna superna.

VT quibus uitae stadium magistris
Curritur horum precibus beatis
Fulgido coeli gremio locemur
Perpetue uita.

GLORIAM Sanctae pie Trinitati
Turba persultet canat et resoluet,
Quae manens regnat Deus unus omni
Tempore saeculi.

ALL SAINTS

I

WHILE our assembly, Holy Christ, remembers
Now on this day the joys of all thy blessed
Who in thy land have risen to behold thee,
May they protect us.

Loosen the fetters of our sins: thy chosen,
Light of whose virtue shineth o'er the nations,
So shall gain for us, by thy lovingkindness,
Kingdoms supernal.

Where at the kindly prayer of those whose running
Gained them their goal, the Master, we shall meet them,
Blest in the shining bosom of thy heaven,
Living for ever.

So to the Holy Trinity shall glory
Sound and resound from lowly lips of all men,
Who in high heaven, one in Godhead, reigneth
Unto the ages.

ALL SAINTS

2

ALMA cunctorum celebremus omnes
Festa sanctorum, modo qui micantes
Aetheris regno sine fine gaudent
Gaudio magno.

PROLIS aeterni genetrix, Maria,
Unicum mundi decus et honestas,
Splendet insignis solio nitenti
Inclita uirgo.

FLAMMEO uultu chorus angelorum
Multiplex fulget, tibi conditori
Saepius dulces modulatur hymnos
Voce perenni.

CVM suis Petrus sociusque Paulus
Regis immensi proceres triumphant,
Atque festiuas chlamydes amicti
Stemmata uernant.

HIC patriarchas fidei columnas,
Prouidos uates, Domini lucernas,
Laureo comptos libet eminentes
Cernere patres.

MARTYRVM coetus ibi gloriantes
Ornat omnino diadema fulgens,
Quisque confessor retinet coronam
Victor opimam.

VIRGINVM florent nitidae cateruae,
Serta gerentes resonent choreas,
Nempe iustorum meritis beata
Agmina pollent.

ALL SAINTS

2

LET every heart of man in holy concord
Sing on this feast of all the saints, who shining
High in the heavenly kingdom without ending
Joy with a great joy.

MARY, thou mother of the Seed eternal,
Earth's only glory, comeliness and honour,
Thou from the high throne pourest light on all men,
Purest of maidens.

So doth the Angels' quire with radiant faces
Gleam with a thousand holy hues, adoring
God with their hymns of jubilation, sounding
Sweetly, eternal.

PETER and Paul, amid the blest Apostles,
Knights of the King's great army, are triumphant
Clothed with white robes and festal, crowned with precious
Coronals golden.

PILLARS of faith, the Patriarchs of old time,
Lamps of the Lord, the Fathers and the Prophets,
Crowned with their laurels, eminent in virtue,
Shine in their beauty.

THERE doth the white-robed army of the Martyrs
Crowned with their rose-crowns, praise the Lord for ever:
There do Confessors diadems of lilies
Gain for their victory.

BANDS of the Virgins, chaste and ever shining,
Bearing their garlands, run to meet the Bridegroom;
Hosts of the righteous, blessed in their merit,
Feed there in glory.

QVI Redemptori pariter ferentes
Debitas grates sine labe cuncti
Mente iucunda variis frequentant
Vocibus odas.

O DEVS clemens, pietatis auctor,
Rite culparum maculis abluti
His in aeterna sociemur arce
Omne per aeuum.

GLORIAM Patri resonemus omnes
Et tibi Christe genite superne,
Cum quibus sanctus simul et creator
Spiritus regnat.

THERE every voice doth chant to the Redeemer
Praises unwearied, lauding and thanksgiving,
And joyful hearts to Christ their joyful anthems
Offer unending.

O GOD of mercy, fount of every kindness,
Grant that our sad sick souls be cleansed from sinning,
That we may join the hosts we praise, abiding
With them for ever.

GLORY from all men unto God the Father,
Glory to Christ, eternal, Sole-begotten,
And to the Holy Spirit, the Creator,
Reigning in union.

APOSTLES

REGIS immensi militis triumphis
Consona uoce concinamus omnes,
Ipsi qui dedit et trophaeum palmae
Simul laudantes.

Hic ante Deum uelut magna nubes
Ocius partes peruolauit mundi,
Verbisque pluit, coruscauit signis
Praedicans Christum.

Hic ad fenestram stetit ut columba,
Fuit et prudens, simplex atque rectus,
Prouidens bona omnibus et Christo
Semper adhaerens.

SORTEM accepit inter duodenos,
Vidit et Christum oculis beatis,
Posuit suam animam pro eius
Plebe redempta.

PROPTER quod Christe supplices rogamus
Vincula nostra pie ut absoluas,
Praebeas fructus poenitendi dignos
Crimina laxans.

FLEBILES artus miseratus tegas,
Stolam quam culpa annulumque dempsit,
Reddas et sortem inter sanctos tuos
Nobis concedas.

PRAESTA, Redemptor Patri coaeternus,
Cuncta qui regis Flamine cum Sancto,
Atque gubernas saeculum per omne
In Trinitate.

APOSTLES

NOW doth our quire in one glad song uniting
Sing to the triumph of the King's great soldier,
Joining our hymns with praise of God that gave him
Palm for his conquest.

HE as a cloud before the God of heaven
Passed in swift flight and glorious through all lands,
Preaching of Christ with words as sweet showers falling,
Mighty in wonders.

SAINTLY he flieth, dovelike to the windows,
Noble and prudent, just and single-hearted,
Offering to all good gifts: and aye remaining
Fast by his Saviour.

GAINING a place among the twelve Apostles,
Blest with the vision of the Lord Incarnate,
Faithful to death, he for the ransomed people
Offered his lifeblood.

WHEREFORE, O Christ, we kneel to thee, beseeching
That in thy love thou break the bands of sinning,
And at the last, our souls set free, wilt grant us
Meet fruits of penance.

CAST o'er our limbs of misery in mercy
Robes of thy love and rings of thine espousing,
Lost by our sins: prepare among thy blessed
Place for thy people.

GRANT our petition, Saviour coeternal,
Reigning with God the Father and the Spirit,
Who through the ages governest the whole world,
Perfect and trinal.

MARTYRS

DEVS immensa Trinitas,
Vnita semper gloria,
Pater, Christe, Paraclite,
Rerum inuicte Domine,

QVI largitatem muneris,
Tuo praestasti martyri,
Cuius festa uotissima
Concelebramus hodie.

TORMENTAQUE saeuissima
Hac uaria supplicia
Vidtrice tua dextera
Mente robusta pertulit.

HVIVS adclines Domine
Te deprecamur precibus,
Aetherea consortia
Celsa dona fastigia.

QVI princeps esse principum,
Rex mysticus agnosceris,
Agnita nostra crimina
Larga dele clementia.

ADVENTVS ut cum fulgidus
Tuus Christe patuerit,
Tuo ducente martyre,
Laeti pergamus obuiam.

DEO Patri sit gloria
Eiusque soli Filio
Cum Spiritu Paraclito
Et nunc et omne saeculum.

MARTYRS

O GLORIOUS immensity
And One eternal Trinity,
Father and Comforter and Word,
Of all that is unconquered Lord,

THE saint for whom our chants of praise
Consenting on this feast we raise,
With princely guerdons thou didst bless:
Thy crown, thy palm, thy happiness.

IN tortures great and cruel pain
Thou didst with thy right hand sustain
Thy servant, who with steadfast heart
Bore the tormentor's every art.

THY gracious ear, O Christ divine,
Unto thy servant's prayer incline,
To whom thy fairest gifts are given
Within the glorious halls of heaven.

THEE Prince of Princes we proclaim,
The King that bear'st the mystic Name:
Blot out in thy great love, we pray,
The sins that mar this holy day.

THAT so when thou shalt come again,
O Christ, in light, on earth to reign,
Led by thy martyr, we may dare
To rise to meet thee in the air.

To God the Father glory be,
And God the Son eternally,
With God the Holy Paraclete
Through endless ages, as is meet.

CONFESSORS

SANCTE Confessor, meritis beate,
Cerne deuotum tibi congregatum
Mentibus coetum resonare cantum
Voce canorum.

QVI tuum gaudet celebrare festum,
Quo sacer lethum uiceras amarum,
Corporis claustra reserans eundo
Victor ad astra,

VNDE nunc praesens pie te rogamus
Iudicem pulses precibus sacratis,
Quatenus nostri miserando clemens
Sit memor auctor.

DETOVE nos semper sibi corde fidos
Actibus gratis satis et placere,
Omnis et noxae ueniam mereri
Ipse Redemptor.

Hoc, Pater sancte, precibus beati
Annuas, tecum tuus atque Natus,
Almus et Flatus tribuat, precamur,
Trinus et unus.

CONFESSORS

HOLY Confessor, blessed in thy merit,
See how thy people congregate before thee
Bow in devotion, and a thousand voices
Chant of thy glory.

So they rejoice to celebrate thy feast-day,
Thou who didst quell the bitter pain of dying,
Loosed from the thralldom of the flesh, ascending
Victor to heaven.

THEREFORE we pray thee, bending low before thee,
By thy blest prayer destroy the fear of judgement,
That the Creator, of his lovingkindness,
Hearing, have mercy.

So may he grant us hearts for ever faithful,
So may we ever serve him in thanksgiving,
So may that Saviour grant for every sin-stain
Healing and pardon.

THIS, holy Father, at thy servant's pleading
Grant, and thy Son who with thee reigns for ever,
With the blest Spirit, he who filleth all things,
Unity Trinal.

OUR LADY

I

AD te clamamus, audi nos,
Virgo, regina saeculi;
Et in nocte custodi nos
Sicut pupillam oculi.

IAM tibi, mater, septies
In die laudem diximus,
Sit nobis in te requies
Sub umbra cuius uiuimus.

FESSOS diurnis aestibus
Nos somno pacis refove,
Nobisque quiescentibus
Tu fraudes hostis remoue.

STELLA fulgore praedita,
Lux iucunda, lux celebris,
In tuas laudes excita
Nos mane pulsas tenebris.

OUR LADY

I

O MAIDEN queen of all the earth,
Receive the vows our hearts pour forth;
And as the apple of an eye
To keep us in this night be nigh.

BLEST mother, unto thee we pray,
And laud thee seven times a day;
Thy rest unto thy people give,
Beneath whose guardian wing we live.

GRANT us from toils of day release
In the refreshing sleep of peace;
And as this night we lie at rest,
Let not the foe disturb our breast.

O STAR elect that shinest bright
In most serene and gladsome light,
With day's new dawn thy servants raise
Unharm'd by night to chant thy praise.

OUR LADY

2

O MARIA piissima,
Stella maris clarissima,
Mater misericordiae,
Et aula pudicitiae,

ORA pro me ad Dominum
Et Iesum tuum Filium,
Vt me a malis eruat,
Bonis gaudere faciat.

A VITIIS euacuet,
Virtutibus corroboret,
Tranquillitatem tribuet
Et in pace custodiat.

CVM uenerit uitae finis
Veni te praebe oculis
Vt tunc terrorem Sathanae
Per te queam euadere.

CONDUCTRICEM te habeam
Redeundi ad patriam,
Ne callidus diabolus
Viam perturbet inuidus,

SUBIICIENDO plurima
Et falsa quoque crimina,
Donec reddar praeposito
Michaeli Archangelo,

CVIVS constat officio
A maligno diabolo
Dignos quosque eripere
Et paradiso reddere.

OUR LADY

2

O MARY, Star that lovingly
In fair light shinest o'er the sea,
Mother of perfect clemency
And hall of purest chastity,

REMEMBER me before the Lord,
Jesus thy Son, the Christ of God;
My soul from every evil guard,
And bring me to thy blest reward.

GRANT me from every ill release,
Of every virtue grant increase,
Bestow on me thy perfect peace,
And keep my heart in quietness.

AND when my life is ending here,
Do thou before mine eyes appear,
That with thy counsel I may know
To 'scape the terror of the foe.

O MAID, vouchsafe to lead my feet
Unto the Father's blissful seat,
Lest Satan by some envious wile
My steps from the right way beguile.

THAT from my many stains abhorred
Of sinning I may be restored
To Michael, of the heavenly guard
The Archangelic prince and lord,

WHOSE might in the celestial tower
Is strong from every evil power
To save the faithful and the blest,
And bring them to eternal rest.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

REFVLGENT clara huius templi culmina,
Perfusa luce septiformis Spiritus,
Christi rubescunt purpurata sanguine,
Perlita rore pretiosi balsami,
Odore flagrant mixtis aromatibus.

SINT istam supra domum, Domine, tui
Aperti semper, deprecamur, oculi
Auresque tuae sint intentae iugiter
Diem per omnem noctis et in tempore,
Tuoque semper ore benedicere.

SIT angelorum hic alta frequentia,
Descendat omnis hic coelestis gratia,
Diffusa sancto largiente Spiritu,
Vultu sereno sancta semper Trinitas
Pio fauore dignetur inspicere.

NVBES sacraque, quae pendens incubuit
Deo iubente supra tabernaculi
Tectum, beatus quod Moyses in eremo
Fixit, precamur, huius alma moenia
Afflatus sancto perfundat spiramine.

FVMOSA, dudum quae repleuit atria
Templi dicati, nebula perlucida
Orante puro Salomone pectore
Hanc missa, Christe, coeli de cacumine
Domum fecundet sempiterno munere.

QVICVNQVE tuum sanctum nomen supplici
Plenoque corde precatusque fuerit
Huius in aedis sacro domicilio
Te largiente sit liber a crimine,
Exclude pestem, morbos omnes dilue.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

THE fair towers of this temple bright against the sky
Are shining, bathed in the sevenfold Spirit's light,
And ruddy with the purple blood of Christ the Lord;
Laved with the precious balm descending as the dew
They gleam, with savour of a thousand pleasant herbs.

O LORD of heaven, we beseech thee, let thine eyes
Be turned in mercy alway toward this house of thine,
And let thine ears be open both by day and night
Unto the prayers thy servants offer in this place,
And bless it with the blessing of thy word for aye.

AND may the high assembly of the angels come
Together in this place; and grace from heaven descend
Upon us from the Holy Ghost's unfailing fount;
With glance of pity, ever holy Trinity,
And great indulgence deign to look upon this house.

AND may that sacred veil that at the Lord's command
Hung brooding o'er the tabernacle's roof of old,
Which blessed Moses in the desert to thy name
Had builded, we beseech thee, on these holy walls
Rain down the sacred breath of God the Holy Ghost.

AND may that cloud of smoke whereby the courts are filled
With brightness of the temple dedicate to thee,
As Solomon with single heart implored thy grace,
O Christ, from heights of heaven now descend again,
That this thine house be filled with glory evermore.

AND whosoever here shall on thy Holy Name
Cry out with humble heart of penitence and fear,
Grant that he may in this thy blessed dwelling place
Of thy great bounty be set free from every sin;
From every harm and danger guard thy children, Lord.

Tuo sacro hic depasti corpore
Tuoque sancto satiati sanguine,
Ab hoste tuo defensi munimine
Laeti fideles sortiantur seruuli
Vitae perennis sine fine gaudia.

RERVVM Creator, Iesu, patris Vnice
Mundum cruore saluasti purpureo,
Peccata tollis solus qui pestifera,
Dignare tuos munere gratuito
Ad astra coeli mittere ruricolas.

SIT semper alta Deo Patri gloria,
Omnis potestas sit dilecto Filio,
Sanctoque semper gloria Paraclito,
Honor et uirtus, laus, decus, imperium
Et nunc et ultra sit per cuncta saecula.

WE are thy people, by thy holy Body fed;
To us thou givest in these courts thy holy Blood;
Guard us by thy protection from our deadly foe,
That we thy servants may in faith and joy obtain
Through thee thy glorious gift of everlasting life.

JESU, Creator of the world, the Sole-begot,
Who workest our salvation by thy rosy blood,
Alone who bearest all the sins of all the world,
Deign of thine own free grace and plenteous love to call
Thy homesick people to thy land above the stars.

To God the Father everlasting glory be,
And power eternal to his most beloved Son,
And equal honour to the Holy Paraclete,
Praise, laud and blessing, rule, dominion and all might
As was of old, is now, and shall be evermore.

AT THE BURIAL OF ONE DEPARTED

A VCTOR salutis hominum,
Iesu, nostrum refugium,
Te inuocamus cernui
Etsi indigni famuli,
Vt eum, pro quo petimus,
Reddas coelorum ciuibus,
Suffragantibus coelicis
Patriarcharum cuneis.

BEATA uere ciuitas,
Quam illustrat diuinitas,
Hierusalem, coelestibus
Exornata lapidibus,
In quorum aedificio
Sit prophetarum merito,
Quem tibi Iesu Domine
Commendamus pia fide.

COMPASSIONIS gratia
Christi perfecta caritas
Carnis sumpsit exuias
Vt dirae mortis compedes
Sua morte dissolueret,
Cuius sancti apostoli
Obtineant ex meritis,
Vt hic uiuat in Domino,
Qui est defunctus saeculo.

AT THE BURIAL OF ONE DEPARTED

AUTHOR of man's salvation, blest
Jesu, our refuge and our rest,
We fall before thy face in prayer,
Thy servants, worthless of thy care,
That he for whose dear sake we cry
Be joined to citizens on high
Where patriarchal quires, his need
Knowing and pitying, intercede.

EXCEEDING blessed is that town;
The fullness of the Godhead shown
In thy Jerusalem makes it fair,
For many heavenly stones are there:
And in that hall, with merits stored
Of prophets, may he find reward,
Whom lovingly and faithfully,
Lord Jesu, we commend to thee.

MAY now the grace and pitying
And perfect love of Christ the King
Be with him, who that by his death
He might destroy the power of death
Took flesh, and bear the Cross's pain;
This may the blest Apostles gain
Who for reward in heaven reign,
Through death on earth to life restored,
He live for ever in the Lord.

